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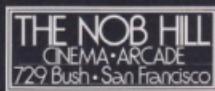


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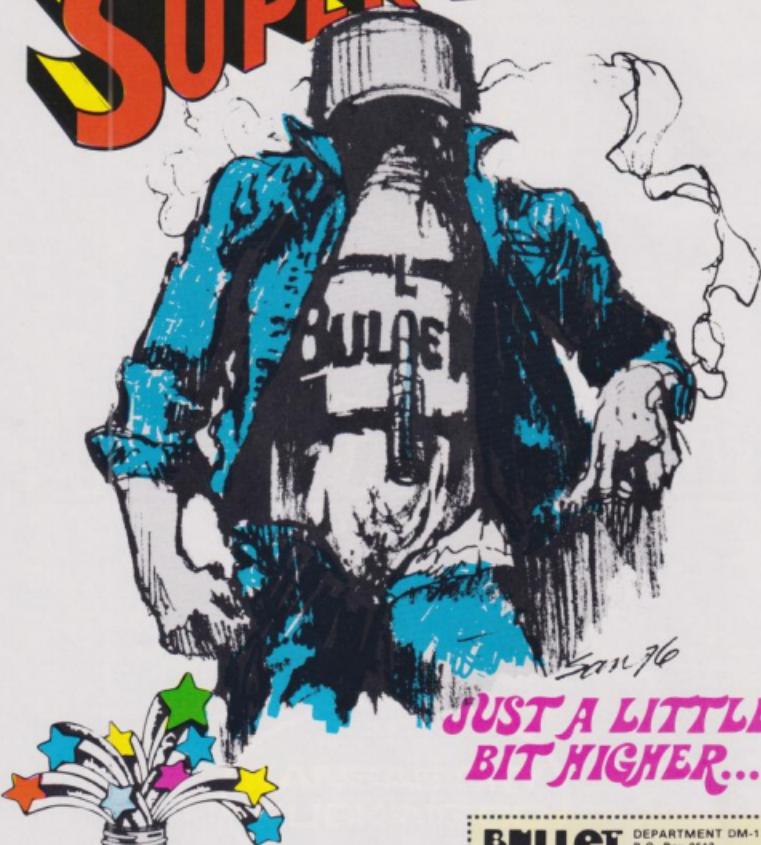
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DRUMMER

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Cover photo of Pfc. Gallagher by Trademark Studios

Send a handwritten note with his companions, perhaps it is because he wears a different drummer. Let him sing to the music which he hears, however measured or far away."

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MALECALL/Dear Sir:

MALECALL/DEAR SIR:

AUTHOR APPLAUDS

Jim Kepner's fine review of my book, *Leather Boy, Leather Man*, in your Halloween issue prompts me to write a letter I've had in mind for a while now:

I've been a regular reader of DRUMMER. It fills a need as does no other gay magazine. And now, as a writer and sometime advertiser, I can voice some appreciation to DRUMMER for serving as a market place for writers and all kinds of producers and sellers who would not otherwise have access to a nationwide audience. Your production values are first-rate, and so is your material.

I wish you continued success, and I look forward to learning about new releases of Denim Publications through their future ads in DRUMMER.

Robert Stewart
San Francisco, CA

DRUMMER, too, looks forward to future Denim releases . . . and to future works by Robert Stewart.

CANADIAN CORRECTS

Having just completed a month-long trip across Canada, I arrived back to order Issue No. 7 and received it within the surprisingly short time of 14 days. Many thanks for your promptness.

Reading the bar guide, though, I was made aware of how out-of-date the Canadian listings were. For instance, under the Toronto listing, the Colonial is no longer leather. In actuality, it is hardly gay. Most of the leather, aside from the Barracks, is to be found at the Parkside (rear part) after 9 p.m. and around midnight moves to the St. Charles, the side with the long bar. Some go upstairs to the after hours club after bar closings at 1 a.m. Most leathermen in Toronto are out on Fridays and Saturdays, the weeknights being fairly sparse.

Under the Montreal listings, you show the Regent Apollo, Ave du Parc. This place is fairly removed from the areas where the action is, and is more of a supper club with floor shows. Leather people are not really that welcome there in large numbers.

The Dominion Square is mainly for the middle executive types, old drunks and really busy from 4 to 7 p.m. Full leather would be tolerated only; mostly older fags here.

The Lincoln Cafe is in a predominantly French part of the city, not very groovy and filled with rip-off artists and tired old queens trying to pick up hustlers who need acne treatment — and, again, isn't really for a leatherguy with anything going for him.

Some leathermen are found at the Peel Pub, Peel and St. Catherine Sts., usually in the evening and then move to the

Taureau d'Or (upstairs at the Taureau to the Cruiser 650). Bars in Montreal are open 'til 3 a.m. while pubs or taverns (beer and draft beer only) close at midnight. The Cruiser is filled week 'round, leather and denim only, but no one arrives before 10 p.m. Mondays through Thursdays, 9 to 9:30 p.m. on weekends.

Le Tavern Neptune is basically used on Fridays and Saturdays, as it is fairly far from the rest of the strip. Never before 9 p.m., but as it is used by most motorcycle clubs for meetings, etc., action can be found there sometimes during the week. It has the best atmosphere of the two real leather clubs in Montreal.

Leathermen are also welcome at the Twilight Villa in St. Catharines, Ontario, a town of 120,000 near Niagara Falls, but not too many are there on all open nights. This place is used mostly by people from Buffalo and Toronto, as it's about halfway between each city.

I shall attempt to let you know places for leathermen in Eastern Canada sometime in the near future. I hope this information is of some assistance to you in compiling your listing.

D. St. J.
Canada

THINKS SLUTS SMUT

The cover picture and the associated article you used in your latest issue (No. 9) disgusted me beyond words. I thought, when you started out, that this was to be a unique magazine — for men — not for the campy bar queens, I was wrong. The Cycle Sluts have no place in my lifestyle or that of my friends. If I want to read that kind of trash I will subscribe to *After Dark* or *The Advocate*. Such junk should get you all sorts of subscribers off the street. You shouldn't miss mine when it comes time for renewal. So have fun with your new format . . . and don't forget heels and purses.

Bruce
Seattle, WA

THANKS FROM THE SLUTS

Thankfully the media has always been good to us. Even now that we've broken through the hetero *Time/Life* lock-out (*People*, Nov. 15), nothing has meant more to the Sluts than DRUMMER's Halloween issue cover and story. Our thanks to the most exciting magazine in its field.

The Cycle Sluts
Hollywood, CA

WHATEVER HAPPENED TO VIRGO?

Passing over us Virgoes, as you did in *Astrologie*, was too much pain for even the heaviest "m" to endure.

Jake
New York, NY

Ed Note: Watch for Virgo next year. We promise.

UNCROWNS FRANKLIN

Ed Franklin's review of Thomas Tryon's *Crowned Heads* left me in stitches. Not because I was humorously moved by Mr. Franklin's style or analysis, but because, by the review's conclusion, the reviewer was reduced to the state he accused potential readers of suffering: namely, liking the book for all the wrong reasons.

As best I understand, the purpose of a reviewer is to (1) be objective, (2) treat a work on its own merits and (3) bring to the readers' attention background information or points of reference that would either enhance their reading of the book or justify their *not* reading the book. Franklin has done none of that.

Instead he has given us an analogy that does not even correspond with the structure of the work (a symphony has four movements, the final section containing the resolve). The resolve in *Crowned Heads* comes in the epilogue. He accuses Tryon of a *roman à clef* device that simply does not apply. Homework would have unearthed Tryon's intention to tell, in fiction, various Hollywood legends. The author admits that although some of the more famous film/tv stories are traceable to singular personages, that he was never interested in writing thinly veiled biographies, *a la* Robbins, Susann *et al.*

"Fedora" uses the most obvious climax, yet one we somehow never entertain. That is part of Tryon's genius. Personally, I was breathlessly awaiting the revelation that the mysterious legend was

really the plastic surgeon in drag. Tryon stayed well ahead of guessing game conclusions in the best Agatha Christie tradition.

The possible models for "Lorna Doone," as is true of all of the stories, are as varied as the kinds of sea creatures living outside the 12-mile continental reef.

The same is true of "Bobbitt," which includes a liberal crossing of genders.

That is because Tryon is creating the ultimate Hollywood star; four of them. They embody everything gossip magazines, publicity releases and scandal are in the film capital.

But the greatest offense, and Franklin's unforgivable mistake, comes in his dismissing "Willie" as "so much pornography." In "Willie," Tryon comes into his stride as a writer. The absolute sense of theatre, and the clearly passionate style, build to a point that can only be described as literary excellence. It revages to both shock and compel at the same time. Because it is presented as fiction, the reader can bear it; were it presented as fact, it would stop the heart. While this section disturbs, it contains the books most eloquent passages. And the homosexual scene Franklin recounts happens between a man and a woman. On his part, the book deserves another reading, if only for clarification.

Three of the stories (Lorna lost out) have been bought for films, including "Bobbitt," which was purchased by Michael Bennett.

My concern is that potential readers

might pass up *Crowned Heads*, expecting from Franklin's review nothing more than the usual bestseller garbage.

Christopher Nobel
Los Angeles, CA

DRUMMER TOPS DOWN UNDER

Was delighted to receive my first copy of DRUMMER, and thank you for your prompt action.

I was particularly intrigued with the article, "Famous Sadists in History." If this is regular, are you planning to expose the role of leather clothing, accessories, masks, etc. worn by the medieval axe-and-block executioners? There must be a lot of historical action engravings, depictions, etc. available. My suggestion for a title would be "Leatherbeheading." The submission of the victim and the sharpness of the leather-clad, axe-wielding S would surely stir most readers.

Hugh Melbourne, Australia

EAGLES ERRS???

Just received your "Holiday Issue" and regret that I have to correct Mr. Eagles, but Nehemiah Persoff was not in *Desert Legion*. The whipped legionnaire was not Persoff.

Mr. Eagles also ignored the British movie, *Camp Blood Island*, about Japanese prison camps. Maybe he has plans for them in a later article.

John Oceanside, CA

*Ed note: Our local expert on cinema sadism tells us that the photo used is, in fact, of Persoff . . . and, further, is a still from *Desert Legion*.*

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Interview: CHUCK STIEHR

DRUMMER'S FRANK EDWARDS FINDS OUT WHAT IT MEANS TO BE "INTO UNIFORMS"

I would venture the guess that all of us have those fantasy flashes throughout the day: step off a bus and notice, across the bright noon-lit pavement, a young Marine standing and glancing disapprovingly up and down the street. During the next few hours you go about your usual business, but your thoughts are on that man in that uniform. You wonder what he was waiting for, or who? Had you talked with him, would he have needed a place to stay, someone to talk to, or . . . ? You see his large, muscular, hairy legs as his pants drop . . . the white standard issue boxer shorts . . . the bulge teasingly defining a massive, but still hidden, sweaty cock and balls . . . the heavily veined forearms and hands casually pulling up the tee shirt to reveal thick nests of hair in stretched concave armpits . . . his stomach tense and rippling as he strips the flimsy undershirt over his head. You freeze him there in that pose and mentally invent every inch of him, this Marine you only glimpsed across the busy street. He is rugged and demanding, or smooth and quiet and adoring, but he's the way *you* want him. He's bound with his pants around his ankles, his arms and

head hidden in the struggle of removing the tee shirt. The metal dog tag shines to emphasize the nakedness of his chest, and your eyes fall to those boxer shorts which look too hot even to allow further thought: for the third time in one day you've beat off thinking of *him*.

Perhaps the fantasy doesn't fade until later that evening while waiting at a red light on Laurel Canyon Boulevard, and stopped beside you are two cops in a black-and-white. Why is that handsome blond always with another cop? Maybe, just *maybe*, if he were alone, you think, you might catch his eye, get him to pull you over in a quiet, industrial area alley, and then he'd feed you cock and ass in return for "No ticket, this time." Maybe he'd note your address and occasionally drop by with a buddy or two, to train you as mascot. You come every time your fantasy gets too far out (or "kinky"), and you wipe off the jism with an embarrassed, "Christ, I'm glad I didn't actually do something that dumb!"

If such music be the food of your love, there is a way to play on. You needn't be cloyingly in the least, unless it's for storage of your favorite gear. You are

among the wonderful company of those of us with a **UNIFORM FETISH**. It is probable that all intelligent humans have uniform fancies. It is, I think, atavistic.

There beats, in even the most sophisticated of men, something primitive. From the dawn of man's prowling it is easily seen that the display of uniforms, flags, badges and trophies have a deeper purpose than merely as decoration or challenges to battle. They are symbols, and are used to identify at a glance roles and possibilities of communication. In general, symbols originate with a function (i.e., the crude shield and knife evolved into Roman helmets, body and shoulder armor, metal swords and shields and eventually extended to protection of the entire body plus the steed, until gunpowder presented the need for maneuverability and camouflage), and as new functions arise, new heraldry is introduced and some of the old is handed into tradition and ceremony. Our sense of identity is deeply rooted in the outward presentation of ourselves and others: in rebellion, we costume in an odd fashion; in conforming, we are most comfortable blending with our peers and surround-



Being "into uniforms" is "—a twinkle in the eye, a way of looking and appreciating, a way of dressing. You can spot someone by the way he talks and handles himself."



"I'm always on stage. You really get a lot of good tricks out of it, because people relate differently to different uniforms. A trick that thinks you're really hot one night in one uniform will be turned off the next night by another."



"The real awareness began about six years ago when a friend dared me to go to a straight Halloween party as a Nazi. We had had several heated discussions about World War II, and I had been adamant in my denunciation of the Nazis."

ings. Whichever, we present ourselves in a uniform that will provide instant identification with the functional needs of the occasion.

DRUMMER feels that all scenes of personal pleasure between consenting adults will be recognized as natural and acceptable to the future perfect world, and in this spirit we asked Charles Stiehr of Los Angeles to grant us an interview *re uniforms*. We hope to present an open and candid insight into a scene that has a universal base. Why Chuck? Well, the pictures should tell you, but in words, this was my thought: Chuck is the hottest Uniformist I've met. Six feet, one inch, 150 pounds, ponderously hung, and with a classically handsome face that changes from friendly manchild to challenging adversary with the slight drop of his lips and a change of thought behind his eyes. Visit with us...

DRUMMER: To say that you're "into uniforms" implies what?

CHUCK: It's not something you have to *say*; it's a twinkle in the eye, a way of looking and appreciating, a way of dressing. You can spot someone by the way he talks and handles himself. A man "into uniforms" will not just wear a shirt — say, a khaki shirt — he'll wear a military type or epaulets, and he'll have the military creases, the belts, the boots. You can

always tell by the boots.

DRUMMER: Does the boot fetish usually run along with the uniform fetish?

CHUCK: Yes. The people who know you're into uniforms are very often into boots. I have nine pairs and haven't polished them in years. You can always find someone who'll do it for you, or you can just go to the Headquarters and have them done on Wednesday nights! Ha!

DRUMMER: You're not always in uniform, are you?

CHUCK: There are lots of different types of uniforms . . . think about your plain-clothes men, vice, etc. Even business suits can fit the term. What about the gray suit, the thin dark tie and plain white shirt, completed by a snub-nosed 38, shoulder holster and handcuffs?

DRUMMER: How many uniforms do you own?

CHUCK: Around 30, mix and match. When I met my neighbors, they told me they'd thought about 15 guys, all military, were using the place. I'd change enough in my looks with each uniform that they were very confused.

DRUMMER: Do you belong to any clubs?

CHUCK: None other than a competition motorcycle club. I have no particular political affiliation and don't belong to the Gay Uniform Club. I know some of its members, but have formed close friendships in the bike club and choose to

remain with that. I'm NOT a "Gay Nazi." It's funny, but I have two German uniforms . . . TWO, among two to three DOZEN others . . . and occasionally somebody will get upset about them. I figure it's *his* problem. I'm a decorated U.S. veteran and despise what was done to Europe by Hitler, but his understanding of propaganda and his mass mesmerism of a whole nation are proven by the power still exerted by the symbols he chose. The swastika, for example.

(DRUMMER NOTE: "The art of propaganda consists precisely in being able to awaken the imagination of the people through an appeal to their feelings, in finding the true psychological form that arrests the attention . . ." Mein Kampf, Adolf Hitler.)

CHUCK: The truth is simply that the Germans, particularly in World War II, made extremely effective use of heraldry — uniforms, etc. — and they are no less appealing to the subconscious now than they were before Hitler, the mockery of German ideals and honor, became known for the madman he was.

DRUMMER: When did you become aware of your fascination with uniforms?

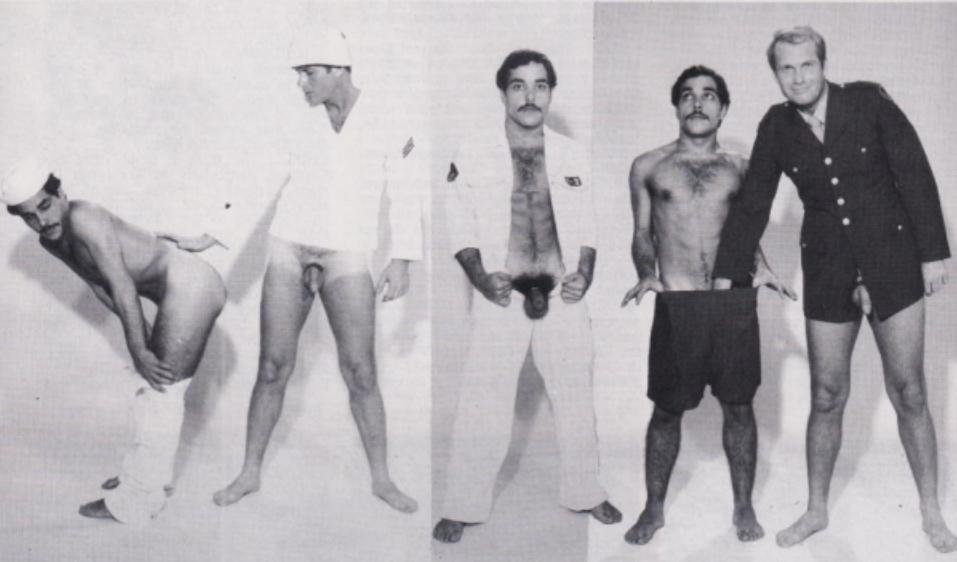
CHUCK: My mom had photos of Dad that I saw throughout my childhood. He was already out of the service and a civilian, but the handsome, adventurous image in those pictures dominated my interpretation of him. But I'd never been

CHUCK STIEHR OWNS ABOUT 30 UNIFORMS. HIS NEIGHBORS USED TO THINK THAT 15 MILITARY GUYS WERE USING HIS APARTMENT AS A PLACE TO CHANGE, CRASH, WHATEVER.



THE UNIFORM FETISH

THERE ARE PLENTY OF SOURCES OF UNIFORMS, COMPLETE AND IN BITS AND PIECES. MIX OR MATCH SEEMS TO BE THE ORDER OF THE DAY UNLESS YOU ARE A PURIST.



Navy, Army and Air Force bits and pieces are demonstrated in the DRUMMER studio. The army shorts will be remembered by many who were in that branch of the service. The fit is typical.

Photography by DAVE SANDS



A group of sailors, or would-be sailors, on Hollywood Boulevard is always of interest to passers-by. This group is more in costume than uniform. They were in the filming of "Hollywood Liberty."

There is no more butch image than a Marine sergeant. Highly recommended to bring out the most authoritative in its wearer.



ITS CAUSE AND CURE

THERE IS THE NAVY, THE ARMY AND THE MARINES AS WELL AS THEIR RESPECTIVE AIR FORCES TO DRAW ON. THERE IS ALSO THE POLICE, IF YOU WANT TO GO THAT ROUTE.



Police are an authoritative bunch on the whole and anyone in a policeman's uniform, however vicariously, is almost automatically given some attention.



Chuck Stiehr shows us his down-to-the-last-detail Navy SP uniform and our models give us some abbreviated versions of nautical and other military garb.

There are many sources of authentic uniforms, both new and used. At Los Angeles' uniform bar, "The Academy," a parade of uniforms comes through nightly. Some actually belong to the wearers, from their term in the service. Some cast off by a serviceman trick. Most come from the Army-Navy store or the Goodwill or Salvation Army. There are uniform shops in most larger cities with police type apparel, some completely authentic. Other than the badge, there are few if any laws prohibiting the wearing of look-alike patrolmen getup. Police frown on it, but, there is little they smile upon in the gay lifestyle.

Sailor hat at left seems foreign but was officially American in its day. It is referred to as the "Cracker Jack" for obvious reasons.

by Frank Edwards

conscious of a need to put on uniforms or be with men in uniforms. I just look back and see those things.

The real awareness began about six years ago when a friend dared me to go to a straight Halloween party as a Nazi. We had had several heated discussions about World War II, and I had been adamant in my denunciation of the Nazis. He thought it would be a camp if I were to go to the party as something totally opposite to my own beliefs. I took the dare, but knew NOTHING about uniforms. I mean, NOTHING! I ran my ass off picking up this and that, borrowed boots that didn't fit, dyed some pants black, found a shirt and tie, made cardboard medals; I literally built the uniform to match a few magazine photos I had. It was worth the effort, though, because I didn't go unnoticed at the party, believe me! A few people were upset by the outfit, but most thronged to me; it was a hit, and so was I. It was really exhilarating!

Well, then someone "heard" that I was "into uniforms" and gave me his Navy whites. I bought shoes, etc., etc., etc. This sort of thing can get very expensive! One person gives me something, so I go into a shop for a particular buckle to add and I spy three or four small treasures I just can't live without. I find that with one other piece and a patch and a whistle I can change this to that, add a coat and, presto! — another uniform! It mushrooms fast. Talk about being in the closet! Ha!

DRUMMER: Do you match your personality to your uniform?

CHUCK: You become almost schizophrenic! You DO! In the MP uniform, you become an MP. I guess the clothes at least help to make the man. One night I wore an Iowa country boy "uniform" . . . straw hat, coveralls, freshly shaven. Suddenly, it was "Hi! I'm Glen Campbell!" That real, friendly downhome attitude. I get a change in feelings with each uniform. Like, if I just go casual, my posture even changes. But put on a military uniform, and I get rigid. I'm lucky, I guess, in the fact that I have perfect military bearing. I never noticed before.

DRUMMER: Are uniforms a sexual thing or a social thing for you?

CHUCK: It started as a social thing. Then it became a sexual thing.

DRUMMER: What is your earliest remembered sexual experience relating to uniforms?

CHUCK: My first uniform trip would have been MORE of a trip had I known who he was when it happened. I was a private at _____ base, and I was staying in El Paso for a weekend. This good-looking young man with a suitcase comes into the bar. Now, El Paso has a lot of transients, so I think: O-o-o-oh, here's a good-looking salesman. Well, we went bar-hopping and he bought all the drinks. Then we went to dinner and kept drinking, and it was getting later and no pins were dropped, so I told him it was late and I should get going and find me a hot number. He tossed back that he'd hoped I'd spend the night with him. This is on Friday night. Well, we . . . all Friday night, all Saturday. You get the idea.

DRUMMER: Were you in uniform when you were picked up?

CHUCK: No. We were both in street

clothes. I said on Sunday night, "I've gotta get up real early Monday morning to get out to the base; I'm in the military." He gave me this really funny look, then told me he'd be going that way and would give me a ride. I say "Fine," and we got it on even harder after he'd found out I was military. Wow!

The next morning, he walked out of the bathroom, a captain in his MP uniform! My blood froze. I could just see them taking me away and showing the snapshots at the court-martial. But it turned out he was there for 30 days special training, so I contributed much special knowledge as I could during his stay. After that, nothing much surprised me. Even in the war zone in 'Nam, you'd get liberty and go downtown and pick up someone, only to find yourself saluting him two weeks later as he came out of the PX!

DRUMMER: Do your parents know about your uniforms?

CHUCK: They know, but they don't understand it. They think it's kind of a kick, though, and they get bits and pieces and send them to me. A lot of my collection has been acquired through friends finding a shirt, a medal, y'know, a left-over pair of boots, and giving them to me. **DRUMMER:** I always associate uniforms with the closely cropped, clean-shaven type. Am I far wrong?

CHUCK: Well, you've seen my change my face completely with the beards and moustaches and sideburns. They keep getting shorter and shorter and shorter. I go through this because of the uniforms. Some uniforms you can't wear with a beard; the uniform should fit the face as well as the body. It causes problems, all the shaving and shaping; the only other solution might be if you went very theatrical: stick with short hair and clean-shaven and use all fake things, but I think that's a bit much . . . (long pause) . . . don't you?

DRUMMER: Are the uniforms mostly costume and theatre to you, or do you suspect they have deeper implications?

CHUCK: I'm always on stage. You really get a lot of good tricks out of it, because people relate differently to different uniforms. A trick that thinks you're really hot one night in one uniform will be turned off the next night by another. Maybe he doesn't like sailors, but he's crazy about soldiers . . . or he'll go bananas over a Marine . . . or he likes a cop — EVERYBODY likes a cop! In spite of everything else, everybody likes a cop! Y'know, they do their little nasties, but basically, everybody likes 'em.

DRUMMER: I'm sure Chief Davis will receive a lot of pleasure and encouragement from that.

CHUCK: "Uncle Ed?" Hee-hee!

DRUMMER: Impersonating law enforcement officers or the military is illegal. Have you had any trouble with the authorities?

CHUCK: First of all, I try to protect myself by purposefully having one minor error in my outfit. Secondly, I make it clear to anyone interested that it's just a costume. Oh, sometimes I flash a fake badge, but only as a joke and only with friends. I was arrested once in a military uniform. It was a close call because the

military would have been nasty, but the civil authorities booked me for possession of a dangerous weapon: I have a night-stick-shaped flashlight. Fortunately, the judge threw it out when he discovered that the light worked.

Understand that I do not do anything to embarrass or bring disrepute to any uniform I wear in public. I try to look good and serve the image. That's what turns on tricks. But that one close call made me more aware of the serious sides of my hobby.

My lover died recently. That gave the police a cause to search the house. Let me tell you, they spent more energy investigating my closet than any other single aspect of the moment. Nothing's simple anymore.

DRUMMER: Since your lover's death, do you find yourself more critical or serious in your cruising, perhaps in search of another?

CHUCK: I've lost two lovers to Death, and it's a very bad experience, to say the least. I really don't want to go through it again . . . it's terrible . . . (long private reflection) . . . and I don't want . . . a lover. Well, I can have a lover, but I don't want . . . how . . . well, however you wanna say it: I want a balling buddy: somebody I can get it on with from time to time, but he'll have his life and I'll have mine . . . I don't think one man can dream up enough things for me to do . . . or else he hasn't turned up yet (pause) . . . but there's always "Mr. Right," isn't there?

DRUMMER: Does it concern you that people might be turning on more to the uniform than to you?

CHUCK: No, because the uniform is . . . well, I was pretty put out once because this guy came on strong, we went to dinner and talked, and I took him home. He'd heard so much about my room by this time, my "War Museum" . . . and people, when they hear about it, well, it's really different when they get to see it. Yeah, it's decorative, but it's functional as well. Ha! Well, he spent a good two hours just looking at the room, and I wanted to get it on, y'know? . . . so I finally insisted that he tell me which uniform he liked best. He told me, and while he finished his tour, I dressed in that uniform. THEN we got it on! After we balled with that uniform, I said, "Let's go again!" So he asked me to don some leather — then we went through the leather thing. Then he asked for the Marine; then the German. It was a hot night, and those uniforms are not exactly cool.

You'd be surprised. The uniforms are nice and having sex in them is nice, but it isn't the easiest thing in the world to do . . . cutting your balls or pectoral with the zipper; LAPD boots and breeches are not meant for crawling around on a waterbed — it's difficult, it's very . . . well, because the gun keeps getting in the way or the whistle is pressing against his back, y'know, hot flesh against the sudden cold metals, the shield, the dog tag, little things like tangling in the chest hairs or accidentally hitting him in the eye as it swings — all those things — it's fun, but . . . it's sorta, almost like being an actor, y'know, and you gotta handle

the props well.

You're constantly on stage. People ask, "Why do you wear uniforms?" and I answer: People pay attention to you — even if they're appalled, it gets them to talking and moving around and thinking. Generally, they're only appalled if on that particular night I'm not wearing something that makes it for them. Them I tell: Come back Wednesday night and I'll have "X" uniform on; and they do, and they love it!

DRUMMER: What are your criteria for partners?

CHUCK: Well, I'm the type, if someone is nice, I get it on. They don't need to be raving beauties. A lot of it is personality, I suppose.

DRUMMER: Does "masculinity" affect your choice?

CHUCK: Not at all. You wouldn't believe some of the "nannies" I've been to bed with, yet they're some of the hottest, hunkiest dudes when they get into the scene. At first you think they're gonna wanna dress up and try on all the clothes, but they don't. They want me to wear them, whether they're butch or not, and they get off on my being the Master.

DRUMMER: Do you play the top role exclusively?

CHUCK: When someone looks at my firm, round hot ass and says, "Wow! I wanna ball you!" If he's good looking and turns me on, I admit to anything to get him home — and then we do what I wanna do.

DRUMMER: Do you provide the fantasy, or would you rather realize his for him?

CHUCK: I usually fulfill theirs. A good imagination would be a necessary quality in anyone I develop a permanent interest in. I'm not interested in owning a puppy dog, even if they are fun from time to time. There are so many different things to explore, and you have to have someone with something upstairs in order for anything to be lasting.

DRUMMER: What's your background?

CHUCK: I was born in Michigan, left there to enter the service, returned, then came to California. I volunteered for the service and was stunned when it wasn't what I'd hoped. It was dreary. And it solved none of the problems I wanted to escape. It only delayed some and intensified others.

Literally starving, a familiar refrain I'm sure, I found myself on a corner. Well, we all sell our bodies for one thing or another, but it didn't last long for me — just long enough to fill my belly and to think of another way.

I got into bill collection: everybody hates a bill collector. From small accounts I worked into management, then to banks to savings and loans to private industry and accounts receivable, where I've now settled into a daytime role of mild-mannered accountant.

DRUMMER: Do your employers know that you're gay?

CHUCK: I think my present employer is aware, but a low profile is always best in those situations, don't you think? I keep my private life separate, except for allowing myself to think during the day about which uniform I want to wear that night...

DRUMMER: Do you ever go in drag?

CHUCK: Drag? No . . . Well, hell! What is a *uniform*? I guess I'm the Best-of-the-Butch Drag Queens! Let's face it, they're all costumes: uniforms, dresses, tee shirt and jeans and colored hankies, dirty jockstraps.

DRUMMER: Are there many uniform parties?

CHUCK: Only a few hot ones, but they are HOT!

DRUMMER: Tell us about one.

CHUCK: A friend invited me to an all-male party, uniforms required. I figured that most guys would go as officers, and it stood to reason that a highly ranked enlisted man would turn them on, so I tore around town piecing together a Marine Master Sergeant. When I walked in, I was really impressed with the accuracy and detail of the uniforms: every man there was right on, down to the boxer shorts, dog tags, even the socks. Heaven! Uniforms on top of uniforms. We all got it on all night, but I think the sex was secondary. It very often is with uniforms: the uniform is the primary interest — the roles and the fantasies follow. But the feel, smell and look of the uniform is first.

DRUMMER: Does the uniform sex experience usually parallel the S&M experience?

CHUCK: There are lots of degrees of S&M. You don't have to tie up someone and beat him to have S&M. This dude and I came home one night, and I took him into the Museum. He went bananas: "This is outta sight!" We got it on just by virtue of his being there in the room! Afterwards, we relaxed and he looked around, then quietly asked if I'd put on a uniform for him. I thought, hmhhh — here we go! I asked which he wanted to see, so he studied all the possibilities and finally asked for one of the German uniforms, the Brown Shirt.

He was a big, hunky dude with a dick growing bigger as I dressed. It wasn't difficult to picture myself as a German elite policeman who had complete domination of this handsome young stud. He was nude, and my being fully clothed added to the illusion. I had a small dagger, the Luger, some medals, everything — lookin' good, y'know. I told him to get down, so he gets off the waterbed — no, let me tell you what happened.

First, he rolled over on his stomach — he was a hung, good-looker, showing me his hot fuzzy crack set off by hard round butt and muscular shoulders set off by a long taut waist — HOT — I'm standing at the foot of the bed watching him get tense with anticipation. I pull the dagger out and place the tip between his shoulder blades; the cold blade barely touches the vulnerable spine and slowly, very slowly, and silently, I drag it along the spine, bumping across those brief indentations where discs were stretched and exposed, down to this magnificent ass. I took the dagger and pressed the flat of the blade against his left cheek and pushed the hot bun with the cold steel, exposing his hair-ringed hole. Gently I laid the knife against the pink asshole and we both knew he was under control, my control, the control of that German officer I had become. I slid the dagger

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FAMOUS SADISTS IN HISTORY

Roger Wybot

Parisian Police Chief of pain





Except for his youthful Algerian victims, not many people have heard of Roger Wybot, Chief of France's *Direction de la Sureté de l'Etat* ("D.S.T." — similar to our own F.B.I.) during the late 1950s. His anonymity was his protection, and he cherished it. He was most careful, eyewitnesses allege, to maintain a strictly supervisory capacity over the blood, piss, and vomit-spattered torture chambers hidden in the darkest heart of Paris: playing out those agonizing "interrogations", was left to underlings.

The historical foundation for the events that took place on the Rue des Saussaies in 1958 and 1959 was laid in 1830 when, under Charles X, France conquered Algeria. From that time it

was considered part of the French Republic. Robert Aron reports that "it was divided into three Departments which, like those in France, were administered by Prefects. It had a population of one million Frenchmen and seven million Arabs; losing Algeria would be for France like losing two great cities... also, the economic and political power of the country was vested, for the most part, in Frenchmen."

Frenchmen. On November 1, 1954 an Algerian rebellion began that was to result in the infliction of some of the most violent tortures of modern times, Ilse Koch not excepted. Although the rebels confined their activities at first to a few mountainous regions, they soon spread over a

large area, and for the next four years France had to devote an ever-growing military effort to put them down. In 1956, the Socialist government of Guy Mollet called up reservists and prolonged the term of conscription so that a larger regular army would add to the resources at the disposal of the High Command.

at the disposal of the High Command. By 1957, the threat was such that it became imperative to break the back of this rebellion in any way possible. To do so, information on its leaders, cadre, financing and battle plans was necessary; and, as those who were captured would not give this information voluntarily, harsher measures were employed. In Algiers itself, prisoners were turned over to French narrows ("Paras"), for this



purpose, a situation that encouraged racial hatred to raise its ugly head, as theorized by Jean-Paul Sartre in a remarkable essay written in 1958: "Torture was inspired here by circumstances and demanded by racial hatred. In some ways it is the essence of the conflict and expressed its deepest truth."

As if to reinforce Sartre's conclusions, Roland N. Murdock wrote about the nature of this torture a year later, in *The Nation*, noting the "fierce concentration on the Algerian prisoners' genitalia, revelatory of the psychotic sexual jealousy that very often accompanies certain forms of racism." (One is reminded that in America, white lynch mobs often reacted in a similar way, using castration and other such forms of mutilation to vent their loathing toward black victims.)

Acknowledging that the rebellion was "not merely challenging the power of the settlers (the French), but their very being," Sartre further hypothesized that "the purpose of the torture is not only to make a person talk, but to make him betray others. The victim must turn himself by his screams and by his submission into a lower animal . . . his betrayal must destroy him and take away his human dignity. The man who talks becomes one with his executioner. Coupled as man and wife, these two lovers make the abject night terrible . . ."

Before the rebellion seemed to pose a real threat to Paris itself, most of the torturing was carried on in Algeria. Henri Alleg, who had been editor of the *Algiers Républicaine* before being forced into hiding because of his anti-French political views, was arrested by paratroops of the 10th Division Parachutists and kept at El-Biar, a suburb of Algiers. He wrote of his experiences there in a small book, *The Question*, which was suppressed and confiscated in France, the first such banning since the 18th century.

Alleg was asked who had hidden him, what persons he had met and what his

activities had been. Declining to betray his benefactors, he was taken to a small room where there was a sink and an earthenware cooking stove. The interrogator, referred to only as "L--" wasted no time commanding him to "get undressed," adding that "if you don't, we'll make you!"

Then, in Alleg's words, "L-- now laid on the ground a black plank, sweating with humidity, polluted and sticky with vomit left, no doubt, by previous 'customers.'

"Lie down!"

"I lay down on the plank. L-- with the help of another man, attached me by the wrists and ankles with leather straps fixed to the wood. I saw L-- standing above me, his legs apart, one foot on each side of the plank, at the height of my chest, with his hands on his hips in the attitude of a victor. He looked me straight in the eyes, trying to intimidate me . . ."

"A current of cold air was blowing in from underneath the window. Naked on the damp plank, I started to tremble with cold . . ."

"Are you afraid? Do you want to talk?"

"I remained without answering amid the Paras who continued to joke and fling insults. (Then) four Paras picked up the plank to which I was bound and carried me into the next room and put me down on the cement floor . . . Taking from L-- a magneto, a Para raised it to the level of my eyes, turning for my inspection the machine which had already been described to me a hundred times by its victims.

"A Para sat on my chest: he was very sunburnt, with the broad smile of a boy who is going to play a good trick . . . Another Para was on my left, another by my feet, the officers all around me. Several others with no particular function were also in the room, no doubt just to watch the fun.

"L--, smiling all the time, dangled the clasps at the end of the electrodes before my eyes. These were little shining steel clips, elongated and toothed, what telephone engineers call 'crocodile' clips. He attached one of them to the lobe of my right ear and the other to a finger on

the same side.

"Suddenly, I leapt in my bounds and shouted with all my might. C-- had just sent the first electric charge through my body. A flash of lightning exploded next to my ear and I felt my heart racing. I struggled, screaming, and stiffened myself until the straps cut into my flesh. All the while the shocks controlled by C--, magneto in hand, followed each other without interruption. Rhythmically, C-- repeated a single question, hammering out the syllables: 'Where have you been hiding?'"

This torture continued until Alleg's shouts got so loud that his interrogators rolled his shirt into a ball and forced it into his mouth. "I bit the material between my teeth with all my might," Alleg reports, "and found it almost a relief.

"Suddenly, I felt as if a savage beast had torn the flesh from my body. Still smiling above me, J-- had attached the pincer to my penis. The shocks going through me were so strong that the straps holding me to the board came loose. They stopped to tie them again and we continued.

"After a while the lieutenant took the place of J--. He had removed the wire from one of the pincers and fastened it down along the entire width of my chest. The whole of my body was shaking with nervous shocks, getting ever stronger in intensity, and the session went on indefinitely. They had thrown cold water over me in order to increase the intensity of the current, and between each spasm I trembled with cold. . . I chewed on my gag to relieve the cramps which contorted my body. In vain."

At last they stopped, released him, and gave him his clothes.

A short time later, he was taken to another room and again forced to strip before fastening him down to the plank. But there was a difference: "In my torturer's hands I saw a different machine, larger than the first, and even in my agony I felt a difference in quality. Instead of the sharp and rapid spasms that seemed to tear my body in two, a greater pain now stretched all my muscles and racked them for a longer time. I was taut in my bonds.

They picked up the plank and carried me into the kitchen. Once there, they rested the top of the plank, where my head was, against the sink. Two or three Paras held the other end . . . L-- fixed a rubber tube to the metal tap which some just above my face. He wrapped my head in a rag, while D-- said: 'Put a wedge in his mouth.'

"With the rag already over my face, L-- held my nose. He tried to jam a piece of wood between my lips in such a way that I could not close my mouth or spit out the tube. When everything was ready . . . he turned on the tap. The rag was soaked rapidly. Water flowed everywhere: in my mouth, in my nose, all over my face. I tried, by contracting my throat, to take in as little water as possible . . . but I couldn't hold on for more than a few moments. I had the impression of drowning, and a terrible agony, that of death itself, took possession of me. In spite of myself, all the muscles of my



body struggled uselessly to save me from suffocation. Finally, the water stopped running.

"In the gloom, I saw the lieutenants and the captain, who, with a cigarette between his lips, was hitting my stomach with his fist to make me throw out the water I had swallowed. Befuddled by the air I was breathing, I hardly felt the blows. Then I heard: 'Put his head under again!' I again experienced this unsupportable agony. In extremis, they let me get my breath back while I threw up the water. The last time, I lost consciousness.

"On opening my eyes, it took me a few seconds to establish contact with reality. I was stretched out, unbound and naked, in the midst of the Paras. They propped me up. I staggered, even grasping the uniforms of my torturers, ready to collapse at any moment. With blows and kicks they threw me like a ball from one to the other, then pushed me into the kitchen where they made me lie down on the stove and sink. L-- wound a wet rag around my ankles, which he then tied tightly with a rope.

"Then, altogether, they lifted me up in order to hang me head downward from the iron bar of the shelf above the sink. Only my fingers touched the ground. They amused themselves for a while, swinging me from one to the other like a sack of sand. I could see L-- who slowly lit a paper-torch at the level of my eyes. He stood up and all of a sudden I felt the flame on my penis and on my legs, the hairs crackling as they caught fire. I straightened myself with such a violent jerk that I bumped L--. He scorched me again, once or twice, then he started to burn me on the nipples of my breast."

Alleg lost track of time and was only dimly aware of when the torture stopped and he was returned to his cell, hands cuffed behind him, still naked. When he attracted attention and made a request to urinate, he was told to "Piss on yourself." In the next weeks, he was continuously subjected to the electric shocks to his genitals, and at one point a naked wire was pushed deeply into his throat, to the back of the soft palate, and then the magneto set in motion. . . . my jaws were soldered to the electrode by the current, and it was impossible for me to unlock my teeth, no matter how hard I tried . . . In the end, his lips, tongue and palate were inflamed from the burns of the electric wires.

It is significant that in listing those present at his sessions, there were soldiers, officers "and two civilians, probably from the D.S.T." Significant because, as we shall now see, adaptations of Alleg's torments were the forte of Roger Wybot.

Alleg did not talk, nor did many others like him, and as the situation went into 1958, things worsened. It was now not only Arabs fighting Frenchmen, but Frenchmen fighting one another. By May of that year, France was on the verge of destroying itself with civil war. Mobile guards moved in to protect the capital. Barbed wire was wound around airports and train terminals in Paris. Mobs were rioting in the streets.

It climaxed on May 13, with the revolt of one million Algerian French colonists,



"With the rag over my face, . . . he turned on the tap. Water flowed everywhere; my mouth, my nose, my face. I was drowning."

manifested in a march on the government headquarters buildings. Parisians took to the streets by thousands, policemen and special troops charging among them, swinging clubs. The coup d'état was set for May 27, at which time large numbers of paratroopers from Algiers were to drop on the landing field surrounding Paris, to be reinforced by men and ammunition from the army, special security forces, plain policemen and an unknown quantity of sympathetic civilians.

A panicky call went out to the retired Charles DeGaulle, a call which caused confusion among the Algerian generals, delaying their plans. DeGaulle was installed in office on June 1, asking for "full powers" as well as the modification of certain articles of the Constitution. He went to Algiers on June 3, but when he returned to Paris seven days later, Algiers was still a potential battleground. His vacillation had caused even further discontent. At first he said he wanted to offer an "honorable peace," then he purportedly wanted "self-determination."

Finally, DeGaulle admitted that Algiers would have to be Algerian, and that France would have to give it up. He applied Draconian measures to settle the question, using *Realpolitik* indiscriminately, for he had become The State. In so doing, according to Aron, "he allowed the ugliest and blackest tragedy in French history to take place." Lives were sacrificed. Freedom fighters increased their terrorist activities. And Roger Wybot came into his own.

In Paris, most of the Algerians causing the trouble were young students of the *Fédération Libre Nord-Africaine* ("F.L.N.") and, under Wybot's direction, were arrested for "attacks on the external security of the State" and for participating in "the reconstitution of a banned organization (the F.L.N.)" Methods were borrowed from the Paras in Algiers to induce these college kids, almost all of

them young males, to reveal the secrets of their organization. The first person histories cited below detail torture sessions to which they were subjected in late 1958 and early 1959, a period of time when De Gaulle was running the country. They are, indeed, "ugly" and "black."

The first report is from Moussa Khebaili, a 26-year-old student in the School of Public Works. Arrested on December 5, 1958, he was taken to the notorious headquarters on the Rue des Saussaies. There he was confronted by a man "with a sporting manner" whom he recognized as Robert Wybot, the Director of the D.S.T. "I'm the boss here," Wybot announced; then, "with a nasty smile," he turned to one of his detectives and said, "Take him — he's tough."

Moussa was led into a small room on the ground floor, and Wybot asked him where he lived. When he refused to answer, "M. Wybot slapped me in the face and said 'Take off your clothes!'" As he proceeded to strip down, the detectives ripped off some of his clothing themselves. He was then taken to a dark room on the top of the building.

"When we arrived, the detectives tied my hands, then my feet. Forcing me to squat, they tied my wrists to my ankles. One of them passed an iron bar between my bent arms and legs. I was, to use their expression, 'on the spit.'

"The spit was placed on wooden blocks lying on two tables about four feet six inches high. Then they passed an electric current down the bar. At the same time two other detectives moved the electrodes all over my body — even on my mouth, my anus, and my heart. One of them remarked:

"I was tortured by the Nazis; now I do it myself."

"To stop me from crying out, one of the detectives put a piece of wood in my mouth and then a sticky handker-

chief — one that had been used — full of bits of tobacco. The session lasted for hours. I must have fainted seven or eight times. (Today the skin on the inside of my left and right calves still bears scars; so does the skin on the left side and the lower portion of my left leg; there are also scars on the periphery of my anus, on my genitals, on my left breast.) I was thrown naked into a cell situated on the second floor."

The next morning, Moussa again refused to give his address, so "they undressed me and placed me with my legs and thighs on a table, the upper part of my body bent in the air and my shoulders and head touching the ground. They put my head between the legs of a chair, beneath the bars; while his assistants held my hands, their Chief twisted my dorsal and trapezoid muscles. As I continued my refusal to speak, they bound me again on a table, naked and with my arms and legs spread apart, and their leader once more struck me all over my body, mostly on the stomach. Sometimes he lighted a cigarette and blew puffs of smoke in my face, then he put it out and again began beating me. I ended by fainting."

"When I came to myself, they had unbound me; I was naked stretched on the floor with a taste of tobacco in my throat and my stomach burning. The deputy-director ordered me to kneel, and, as my head bowed forward, he gave me a kick which made me fall with my mouth half-open. A detective then put the wet toe of his shoe near my lips. He said: 'I have just come from the shit-house. I'll make you taste French shit.' After this I was carried into the corridor still naked. They sat me on a chair for the night."

Khider Seghir, 25 years old, was subjected to much the same agonizing experiences, such as being hanged naked from the horizontal bar on three occasions: the third time, he reports, "the operation lasted about two hours. Afterwards they beat me with kicks and punches and several other different grips: twisting of muscles, of arms and legs, even going so far as to thrust their fingers up my behind."

One of the few non-students was Bechir Boumaza, a 31-year-old businessman. He, too, was stripped, blindfolded, and hanged on the spit. "They emphasized the immorality of my posture with filthy remarks," he recalls, "then two of them rolled an electric wire around the fingers of my right hand and the toes of my right foot. 'We're going to take your voltage before buggering you,' they said when all the preparations were finished."

"One of the detectives manipulated the magnet... another moved the electrodes over my body, lingering on my sexual organs at the request of the others. To prevent me from crying out the detectives stuffed a rag into my mouth. For a moment I thought it was water they were pouring on my face, but, by the detectives' laughter, I realized that one of them was urinating on me. I had the impression that the iron bar was cutting off my legs and that they were going to drop piece by piece. I could neither move nor cry out. I only quivered without stopping. The session lasted like

this one hour or two; I cannot say. Then I was unbound (and) they led me, naked and blindfolded, into a neighbouring room.

"I was laid flat on my stomach on a bench, head in the air, and was bound with my arms along my body. Still the same questions, which again I refused to answer. Tilting the bench — very slowly — they then dipped my head in a basin filled with a filthy mixture: dirty water and urine probably. Immediately I wanted to vomit. From time to time one of them sat astride my naked back and bore down on my loins. When it was over, with my bandage taken off, I saw some fifteen detectives surrounding M. Wybot."

Twenty - seven - year - old Benaissa Souami, a student in the School of Political Science, was suspected of being a leader as well as an "arse-hole intellectual." He described a different sort of torture: "Two big directors were placed on my outstretched arms, and I was ordered to do knee bends and then to rise without dropping the directors. One of them gave the time: 'One, two, one, two.' It lasted hours. From time to time I fell. Each time I was picked up brutally and had to begin the exercises again with stiff legs and trembling body. They doubled the number of directors until the moment when a violent blow in the liver made me yell and throw the volumes on the floor. I fell to the ground under the ensuing blows, but still did not answer.

"The 'specialist' then said to me: 'I'm going to teach you the ABC Strip.' I undressed, but kept on my pants. 'Strip,' he said, 'completely nude!' I did not move. He struck me with all his strength for about ten minutes. I fell in a faint. When I awoke, I was nude and lying on the floor. They put me 'on the spit' and, while an assistant began to turn the crank-handle, the chief placed the electrodes on my genitals. I lost consciousness after a few minutes. They put some drops in my nostrils and began again. Now he moved the electrodes over my whole body."

Benaissa was also subjected to the ordeal of the water basin, but then, as he swears is true, "in addition to the basin and the spit, they forced me to sit down on a champagne bottle. I shrieked during the whole night. M. Wybot questioned me about the duties for which I was responsible. I did not answer. They started again with still more perfected tortures. An Inspector urinated in the basin. The electrodes were placed on my gums. I thought my head was exploding."

One last report we have is from 31-year-old Abdel Kader Belhadj, who was studying at the Faculty of Science. When he refused to answer questions, confronted by Wybot, "(Wybot) took my left hand, while his colleagues held me, placed a ball-pointed pen between the second finger and the ring finger and squeezed my fingers in his left hand, while with the right he moved the pen back and forth. That hurt me a great deal, but seemed to stimulate him to the highest degree. The session lasted about a quarter-of-an-hour, punctuated by punches and kicks delivered by the others



when I tried to free my hand.

"Then he announced 'I am fed up! Fed up! Fed up! I can't get home any more with your frigging about!' And he pounced on me striking me with his fists and feet in the liver, the face and the genitals. At the end of an hour he sat down and puffed, while the others undressed me." Abdel was then put on the spit, and suffered as had the others. (Ed note: Many of these tortures are an integral part of the corrosulating 1965 documentary movie, *The Battle of Algiers*.)

Other tortures reported include fastening a naked man to a metal chair through which an electric current was passed — it is expected that victim will carry the deep marks of severe burns on both legs to his grave. Mohamed Sefta, Registrar of the Mahatma of Algiers, had his tongue burned and slashed, making speech difficult to this day. A young trader from the Casbah, Boualem Bahmed, has long scars on the calves of his legs from Paras' knives.

Meanwhile, DeGaulle spent most of the remainder of 1959 countering the army while gradually removing extremist officers from posts of influence. In April of 1960, a band of colonels and generals took several army units, including legionnaires and paratroopers, to seize Algiers. For some hours, Paris itself appeared vulnerable again to airborne invasion, but the *putsch* collapsed. The entire sordid episode came to an end in July of 1963, with Algerian independence.

As for the activities of Roger Wybot and his "staff," they were best summed up by Joseph Kraft, who, in the March, 1960 issue of *Harper's Magazine*, cited them as "a sample of what can happen when unchecked power passes to the police."

There is a lesson in this for all of us.

THE HAIR KILLER

— Photos by Robert Opol



Mike Thaler visits the House of St. James for his first experience with electrolysis. Which area will he have defoliated? The pubic, of course!

Mike Thaler had long been looking for someone to remove the hair from his body. It's a feeling that's deep inside of him: to become completely hairless. He keeps his head shaved and hates shaving his face. He has tattoos over a large part of his body and laments that hair tends to obscure the wondrous pictures.

When he was a child, he was raped by someone who was extremely hairy. One day when he was eight, this hairy giant walked up to him on the street, snatched him up and took him to a room where he forced Mike to suck him off, and then he fucked Mike repeatedly. This was the first time Mike had sex. He says he didn't like it very well. He didn't say anything about it at the time because, when he was small, he felt the bad things that happened to him were his fault. So he remained quiet, afraid that he "would really catch it."

For a long time he was frigid and couldn't enjoy sex very much. Until he was 18, he spent his school years in a



Mike listens attentively as Dwight Letchworth, "Mr. House of St. James," explains both the process and the usual price: \$25 per hour session.

military academy. Occasionally he had sex with the other boys, but mostly he was pursued by older men. "There was just something about me," he says, "that turned them on."

Saturday nights the boys would get together and jack each other off during the time they were supposed to be shining their shoes for Sunday morning inspection. Have you ever wondered why those spit-shines glisten so brightly?

I can see Mike's reflection in Dwight Letchworth's lenses. They're thick and pulled down over his regular glasses, to which they're attached like a foldable awning. Dwight focuses on a rebus tattooed on Mike's arm; the pictures spell out the question, "Can I screw you?"

We're not here at the House of St. James, Dwight's electrolysis parlor, to fuck around, however. We're here for Mike's first experience at having his pubic hair removed. You have to start someplace.



Whatever is amusing Dwight, it's not the nudity. Not a day goes by that he doesn't work on someone's cock.

The peacock on Mike's arm preens as he takes off his shirt. He pulls down his pants, gets on the table, and pokes his cock through a hole in a white surgical-like cloth that lies over his groin.

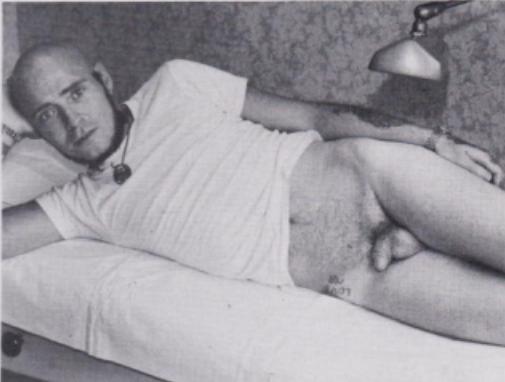
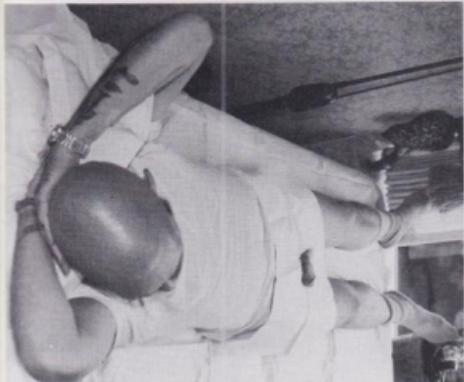
Dwight's office is at the end of the Strip and looks into the Hollywood Hills: very light, very airy.

He swings over a rack that holds 14 needles which are hooked up to a generator. A wire attaches to a small metal prod which he puts under a sponge that rests against Mike's leg.

Pubic hair on the cock comprises a small area, so only six needles will be used in the treatment. To clear the area will take half-a-dozen sessions. Today, as we gather the material for this article, the tab is on the house. Tomorrow, Dwight will get \$25 an hour. There isn't a day that goes by that Dwight doesn't work on someone's cock.

When the current that flows into the needle pulsates into a moist follicle,

Some random observations by Robert Opel



MIKE PATIENTLY AWAITS WHAT IS A RELATIVELY PAINLESS PROCESS: SODIUM HYDROXIDE FORMS IN THE FOLLICLE AND THE ATOMS FORM AN ALKALINE GAS THAT DISSOLVE THE HAIR ROOT. A HEAVY PAIN TRIP THIS IS NOT.

ionization takes place: a breaking down of the water-salt molecules that make up the hair root. The minerals ionize and thus free the atoms in the molecules in the hair root, enabling the hair to be plucked out easily. The negative contact with the battery is established in the needles and causes the ionization process. This, Dwight's invention, is the only system that has predictable current in the needles. A computer built into the machine measures the amount of water in each hair follicle and regulates the current accordingly.

Dwight pops a candy orange slice into his mouth as he inserts the first needle. Mike settles for a chocolate caramel.

Dwight doesn't think of his work in sexual terms. He sees himself as a hair killer. "If I can kill a hair, I love it!" He flicks the last of the candy around in his mouth.

Dwight had been to 16 electrolygists over a period of about eight years, trying to have his facial hair removed. He thinks he has a "problem beard." The electrolygists used a method called "high-frequency" to remove his hair, and their efforts were not at all effective. He points to his face and says, "You can see I still

have a full beard." It all grew back. Eight years and eight thousand dollars later, he is still experiencing five-o'clock shadow.

The light gets a little dimmer in the room, and I open up the lens in my camera another stop.

Dwight wonders when he will feel something. All that happens is that sodium hydroxide forms in the follicle, something that isn't at all painful, although it does burn a little as the atoms form an alkaline gas that dissolves the hair root. A heavy pain trip it is not.

Dwight says that the motto of the House of St. James is "don't shave unless you want to."

Mike wants to have the hair on his head removed permanently. When he hears how much it will cost, and how long it will take, he seems slightly dejected.

Dwight holds up the first hair, squeezed between the tongs of his tweezers. "Got it!" He looks gleeful. He decides to try a chocolate caramel as he adjusts the machine's calibration slightly. The needles are inserted into the hair follicles in sequence, and after the ionization has had time to develop (about a minute), each needle is removed and the

hair lifted out with a forceps, never to grow again.

Pubic hair is very coarse and deep, and the most difficult to work on. Nevertheless, under the relentless pursuit of Dwight's darting forceps, hairs are accumulating on the surgical cloth.

Mike stretches his cock by gripping its head, making the skin on the shaft taut.

Time flies as hairs are tweezed to the staccato flashing of the strobe to my camera.

The hour is up.

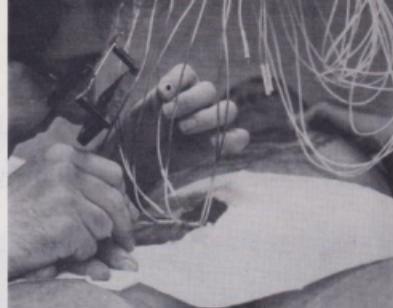
Mike is 40 or so hairs lighter around his cock.

Dwight waves us out after posing for a picture with Mike, who is looking at a portrait of the Wolf Man that adorns the wall of the reception area. Strange, the effect that movies have on us all.

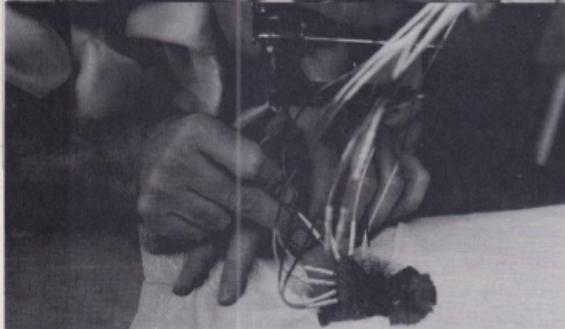
"Just think," Dwight says as we leave the office, "every day you could wake up and not have to shave. Think of the time and energy you could save."

I scratch my beard.

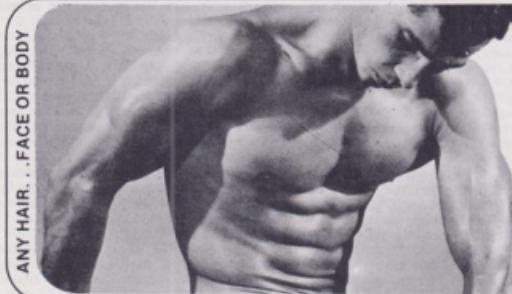
Mike holds the door, and across the knuckles on the back of his left hand stand out the tattooed words: "LOVE ME."



PUBIC HAIR ON THE COCK COMPRESSES A SMALL AREA, SO ONLY SIX NEEDLES ARE USED IN THE TREATMENT. WHEN THE CURRENT THAT FLOWS INTO THE NEEDLE PULSATES INTO A MOIST FOLLICLE, IONIZATION TAKES PLACE: A BREAKDOWN OF THE WATER-SALT MOLECULES THAT MAKE UP THE HAIR ROOT.



ANY HAIR...FACE OR BODY



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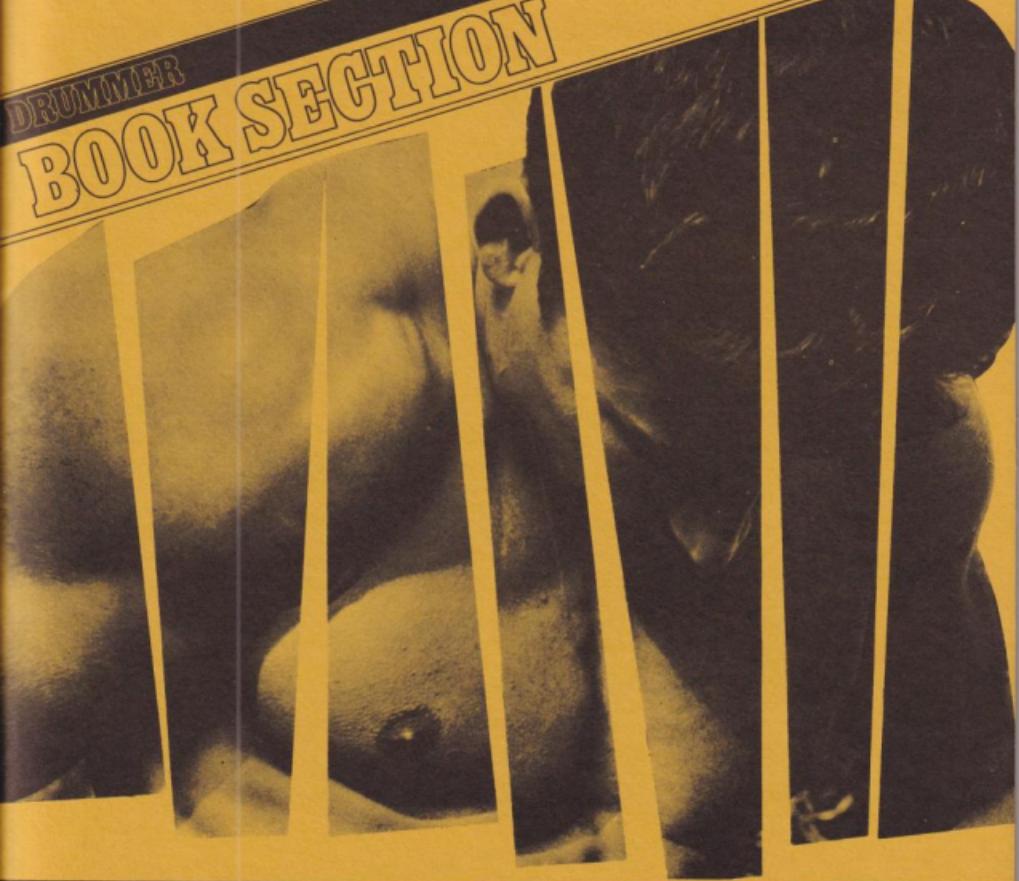
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MURDER IN CALIFORNIA

THE GOLDEN STATE'S GAY VICTIMS

THE GREAT "S/M MURDER" MYSTERY?!

John W. Rowberry & Rue Dyllon

Part IV: UNWILLING MARTYRS

KILLING THE MAN IN THE SAILOR SUIT

It is the end of the decade misnamed the Swinging Sixties. Los Angeles is beginning to feel the effects of a newly formed Gay Liberation Front, headed by a white-haired rabble rouser named Morris Kight.

In time, the Los Angeles GLF will become the working model for gay communities in other cities. The organization will spawn a services center, medical programs for both male and female gays, speakers to go out into the non-gay establishment, get-togethers, rap groups, dances, carnivals, legal organizations, parades, and martyrs.

Ralph Schaffer will become the first.

It could not have been predicted then; in fact, little of the history of that primitive organization would have been foreseen. Living on a daily basis of survival, the advances and conquests were equally countered by retreats and police-style slaps in the face.

Raids on gay establishments, regular roundups in the city's parks and on the beaches, denials for state and municipal funding, social scorn, backlash, poverty, division within: all would make the fledgling group more resistant, more spartan in its continuance. Indeed, its first year would set the trend for the years that followed.

It was into this environment that Ralph Schaffer surfaced. He appeared at the third meeting of the barely organized Gay Liberation Front filled with conflicting ideology and political rhetoric. His denunciations of the activities the group tendered were often quick and sometimes mislabeled. Having served as a neophyte with the ultra-conservative New York Mattachine Society, Schaffer had traveled to the West Coast in search of a utopia that never existed. Like others who would follow him over the years, Schaffer expected a place in the sun, as of then still unsecured from the threat of police involvement. His political background, which is decidedly gay, was undefined as to potential and plan.

Obviously, Schaffer's semantics clashed with other GLF members. Priorities and directions were stated, but they were still vague; for the struggling activists, Schaffer represented chaos.

Morris Kight, the leader of this band of non-violent confrontationalists, saw beneath Schaffer's red-faced veneer. Turning a radical into the *right kind* of radical was a task he both enjoyed and welcomed. In time, every person would be invaluable to the cause, each was worth the trouble of steering in a progressive and constructive direction.

Years after Schaffer's murder, Kight would recall the man's dedication. "I

would often get far behind in the things I had to do each day. I would call on Ralph and tell him 'I need some of your time. I need you to give me a few hours assistance'; and Ralph would come and send letters, run errands, file papers, whatever it was that was not done. After he died I would find myself in the same situation and think, 'Ralph will come.' The mind plays tricks on you. I would think to myself, 'Ralph will come.' Then I'd realize he was gone forever."

Shortly after joining the young group, Schaffer would undergo a change. He would begin to harp less and channel his energies into more positive and vital areas.

Originally living commune-style in a decaying house in a less-than-fashionable section of Los Angeles' crumbling downtown, the base of the movement acquired two more dwellings — one on Edgemont, the other on Van Ness. Schaffer moved with the expansion.

Appointed as house manager of the Van Ness Liberation House, Schaffer would become dean, counselor, advisor and landlord.

"There was a bar on Melrose called Satan's that featured go-go girls. Well, for some unknown reason, the owner decided to install male go-go boys and aim for the gay business. Ralph was their very first one."

The house was designed to provide residence for transient gays until they found jobs or shelter, or went back to their small town roots. The traffic flow was dictated by need. The rent, as minimal as possible, was often uncollected or uncollectable. Food, clothes, conversation and a sense of belonging were rudiments of the service the house provided.

Schaffer found, in his position, a working example for some of the tenets he held as truths. Here he would come to terms with the liberation of people as opposed to the often spouted Marxist minority rhetoric. He would see the entire human spectrum pass through the rooms. He would quickly cast aside the illogical and the unreliable.

In death, he would leave an empty place in the world.

When Schaffer confronted his murderer, the latter could not possibly know the absolute irony of the encounter. Schaffer's politics were always those of

personal confrontation.

Often appearing barefoot, toes twinkling with garish costume jewelry — thin, dank hair hanging bare, covering an older, almost unattractive face — Schaffer was less concerned with appearance than with the disappearance of gender. The obvious forerunner of the genderless half-drag street gay, Schaffer treated the wearing of clothes like the wealthy treat the decorating of a dinner table: something to be done for effect.

Often naked did he realize himself a contender in the cruel and exacting measurements of sexual desirability among his desired gay peers. He knew his sexuality like the sound of his own name, always playing it to the best possible advantage.

In years to come, Jim Kepner would remember, "There was a bar on Melrose called Satan's that featured go-go girls. Well, for some unknown reason, the owner decided to install male go-go boys and aim for the gay business. Ralph was their very first one."

And I must admit, he still had a youthful body, and he knew how to move."

Ralph Schaffer had other firsts during his two-year life in Los Angeles. He proposed the first non-commercial gay liberation publication and ultimately issued a single-sheet newsletter called *Gay Lib News*. He organized a visible contingent of gays to participate in major anti-war marches and demonstrations. He was a banner carrier in and worked on the first Christopher Street West Parade. He proposed, the first "Gay Night at the Ballpark." He pushed for the first gay blood bank.

On the 29th of June, 1970, Ralph Schaffer and Craig Hanson sat down on the sidewalk at the corner of La Palmas and Hollywood Boulevard to protest the arrest, across the street, of the Reverend Troy Perry. During the ten hours Schaffer remained seated on the pavement, he managed to convince a number of transvestites, hustler and street gays to join him. The police would occasionally come by the corner to gawk, but then move on, convinced that the lioness-like Schaffer and his brood were too menacing to disturb.

Years after his murder, a tear-stained, anonymous transvestite would reflect, "He was the world's greatest drag queen, and I never saw him in a dress. But he knew what it meant to be trapped in somebody else's body. Ralph wasn't Ralph. He was a spirit. He wasn't a man; he was an angel."

It isn't known if Ralph brought his white sailor suit with him from New York, perhaps a relic from his distant



Ralph Schaffer (center), "The Man in the Sailor Suit," is flanked by Morris Kight (left) and Craig Hanson (right) at a gay rights demonstration.

past. Perhaps he acquired it after coming to L.A. In either event, it represented to him the ultimate costume. In it he could become the final identity conflict: the faggot in the sailor suit. He could revel in the dichotomy its wearing represented. He could hold up, like a placard, the absolutely correct image the clothes represented and drape them over his thin shoulders, emerging as the final slap in the face of a society and a reality with which he felt completely out of touch.

Of all the images he scorned, this one was the *coup de grace*: the wholesome, unthinking youngster from small town, small-minded, middle-America, dressed for combat, right or wrong.

He would hand wash and iron the uniform, taking special care to secure creases in all the right places. He would don his most gay apparel for special occasions; liberation meetings, church, some demonstrations, always on his night out.

Perhaps more than appearing the faggot in the sailor suit, Ralph relished being him. In time he would add gentle and loving embellishments to the costume,

always with lavender thread: a flower, a sunset, an animal's face, the lambda; objects he held dear and respected above all else.

Emerging from his almost cell-like room at the Van Ness Liberation House, Ralph would descend the stairs dressed in his finery. Always someone would remark, "There goes Miss Ralph in her sailor suit!"

* * *

It is August 25, 1972. The dark-haired young man looks nervously in the mirror which stands against the wall. He is wearing only a pair of swim trunks. His trim, 130 pound frame is covered with a sprinkling of chub bumps. His name is Larry, and he is just 21 years old.

Ralph Schaffer is rereading the latest copy of the *Advocate*, occasionally glancing at the clock and wondering if the Gaywill Funky Shop will see another customer so late on a Saturday night. He lays the paper flat on a table, smoothing the crinkled pages with his hand, peering

closely at the score of contestants in the annual Groovy Guy Contest. He reminds himself that he would like to attend, then checks the date and realizes that it's tonight.

Larry sees someone else come in the room; he is tall, maybe six feet, with a rich, almost glowing tan and blond hair. The blond man sits at a chair near a long table and lights up a cigarette.

Larry breathes in deeply, closing his eyes. He holds the air in his healthy lungs for a long minute, then slowly releases it through his nostrils. Opening his eyes, he watches the chest relax in the mirrored reflection.

Ralph lights a cigarette and looks towards the shop's windows; it has become a quiet darkness. The usually active Griffith Park Boulevard seems to have divorced itself of both automobiles and foot travelers. He considers closing. He glances over his shoulder toward the rear of the small charity shop. He would be closing only to walk a few steps and lie down, alone, to sleep. Having considered

the option, Ralph goes back to his paper.

Larry feels every muscle in his body tense as he waits. Soon he is to go back out on the stage for the crucial part of the evening. The waiting, the uncertainty, the combination of the two; it is hard to decide which is the most unbearable.

He studies his body one last time in the mirror. He looks at the entry with an unsmiling, critical eye. He turns for the final time and walks to the stage opening, waiting for the call.

There is a noise at the door. Ralph looks up to see a figure framed by the wood and metal. At last; a visitor.

In two years there has been a visible change in the lifestyles of Los Angeles gays. Businesses and shops, bars, restaurants, movie theatres, film companies, dances, a host of social organizations and entertainments have established themselves in the dawning of the powerful and blossoming liberation movement. The names provide as much of a cross section as do the clients of the various establishments: The Beach Boy, Dude City, The Oak Room, The Bitter End West, The Big John. There is a gay church, M.C.C., on Union Street. There are gay magazines catering to nearly every conceivable taste and interest. There are travel agencies, printing plants, clothing stores; almost everything a new society could and might desire.

There is also a sense of place, of belonging; even a modicum of security in the new Los Angeles. Of course, there are still problems, still massive unemployment, still a good degree of social stigma.

But in two years, there has been a lot of improvement.

Many of the people sitting in the Grand Ballroom of the Hollywood International Hotel on the night of August 25 might have been looking around and smiling at the success of their lot. Some of them may have wished for more.

Morris Kight's head was filled with a thousand and one things, one of them certainly a query as to why he had accepted the invitation to be here, at the Groovy Guy Contest, a function he neither disliked nor endorsed. He had been told that it was important, had finally consented, and was waiting for the dancing to end and the winner to be announced so he could take his leave.

But there was another reason for his presence. At the evening's conclusion he was to be handed a check for \$1,000, the night's proceeds, a donation for the financially overburdened Gay Community Center.

His joy became apparent to those around him when he walked to the stage, with misting eyes, to receive the announcement.

When Morris returned to his own humble dwelling on Union Street, he called the Gaywill Funky Shop to share the good news with Ralph. There was no answer. It was very late; Ralph had either gone out or was fast asleep. He immediately called other Center workers and relayed the cheer of the funds. He organized a party of four to make the trip to the *Advocate* offices on Oxford and collect the check the coming Monday.

Still excited, the white-haired granddaddy of the liberation movement went to sleep.

Sunday Morris called the shop twice: still no answer. Someone suggested that Ralph might have gone to the baths or gone home with a trick or was at one of the two liberation houses. As Schaffer scheduled his own hours, it was no cause for alarm.

Monday morning saw one final call before the four activists left for their appointment with the *Advocate* editor, Dick Michaels. Morris voiced his concern at not hearing from his gay co-worker in three days; that in itself was unusual enough for the concern to turn to apprehension.

But it was Michaels, in his typical style, who sent Morris into a panic. A casual, offhand remark, "Who's minding the store?" at seeing the four top Center figures in his office prompted Morris to beg, to insist, that they immediately go to the resale shop and check on Ralph.

He was found clothed, lying on the floor, half-in and half-out of the small bathroom at the shop's rear. He had been shot twice in the head at close range. He had been dead since Saturday, August 25, 1972.

KILLING THE BOY ON THE BEACH

The beach was one of the best things in his world.

In daylight it gave him warmth and

Continued on page 55

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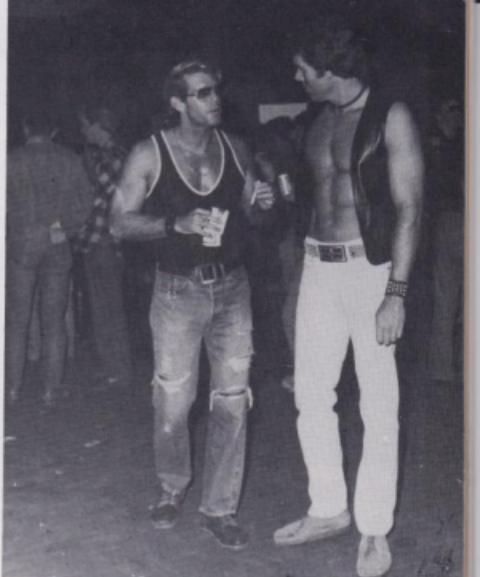
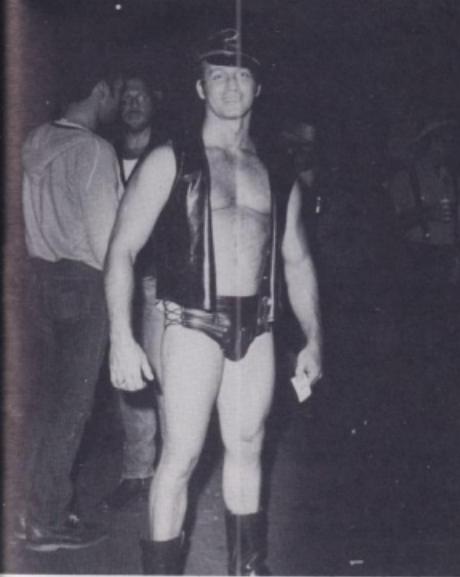
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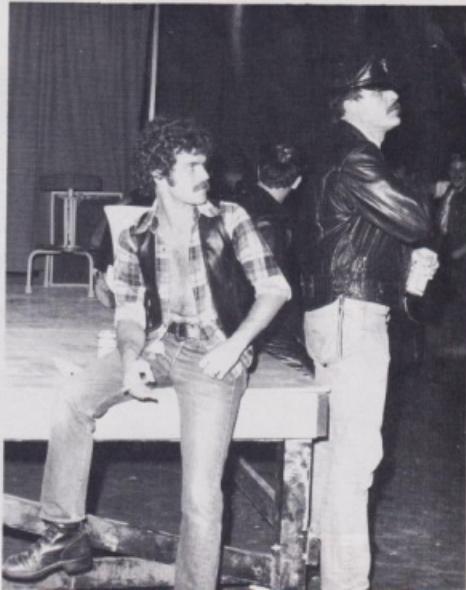
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we go
to the **HAWKS** leather sabbat

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA'S BIGGEST ANNUAL LEATHER EVENT IS BIGGER THAN EVER THIS YEAR, THOUGH IT CAME VERY CLOSE TO NOT COMING OFF. READ ON...





IT WAS AN OUTRAGEOUS EVENING WITH HARNESSSES AND UNIFORMS AND CANDIDATES IN ABUNDANCE.

The Hawks' annual Leather Sabbat is an erotic assault on all of one's senses.

For the sense of smell, it's a heady blend of leather and unlaunched levis, body aromas and booze and beer, fresh or recycled, amyl and maleness.

Delighting the sense of sight are bare buns and painted bodies, tattooed torsos and tattered jeans, hunks in every size, shape, age, color and state of dress or undress to whet the appetite of even the most jaded or casual onlooker.

The sense of sound is satisfied by get-it-on music, bits and pieces of conversations . . . "Look at that ass!" — "Did you check the basket . . . ?" — "... warm beer?" — "... a hit off . . . "

Touch is a crush of bodies: back to back, belly to belly, front to back, back to front; fingers flitting up leather-clad thighs, fumbling at buttons or brass snaps or cowhide thongs; hands groping wherever, whatever they can.

Taste is, well, whatever turns you on . . . and just being there is a turn-on.

This year's event was no exception. Despite attempts by, first, the officials of Culver City and, then, the manager of the Hollywood Indoor Tennis Club to prevent the affair from coming off, nearly 1,000 Leathermen and some pretenders got it on Halloween Night, 1976.

The high point of each Sabbat is the election of Mr. Leather, he who shall reign (no, golden shower queens . . . different kind of rain!) for the coming year. Last year's Mr. Leather, DRUMMER's Val Martin, presented the 1976 trophy to Jerry, who last year a runner up from Larry's, this year was entered by Los Angeles' popular Stud bar, and who went on to win first runner-up at San Francisco's CMC Carnival.

At evening's end, some of the leather caps were not quite so jaunty nor the military dress quite so creased and spotless. Those with stamina moved on to The One Way, Griff's and other local leather watering holes. Others simply went home to bed, perchance to . . . Yet all agreed that the time spent at the 1976 Leather Sabbat was a very good investment, indeed.





THE WINNERS WERE A LIVELY GROUP INCLUDING A NEW "MR. LEATHER."

Last year's winner Val Martin presents Jerry's trophy to him as the first runner-up and Matt Mair of the Hawks look on approvingly.



Final presentation included an annual award to the Hawks' choice of an outstanding leader in the Community. Named The Humanitarian Award, this year it went to DRUMMER's own Jeanne Barney. On stage for the acceptance speech were Mr. Leather and the two runners-up, Hawk President Matt Mair, Ms. Barney, an unidentified devil who assisted M.C. Peter Bromilow and last year's winner, bondsman Marshall Kendzy.



JERRY, 1976, Mr. Leather, The Stud's entrant was photographed last year as a runner-up, sponsored by Larry's. He was runner-up for Mr. CMC Carnival in San Francisco two weeks later.





The tattooed man shows his ass literally. We never got to know what was illustrated on the bottom half.

Two studs on each side of the bar exchange a fraternal moment. The Mark Forty (victims of the Mark VI raid) and H.E.L.P., Inc. operated the bar and did a brisk business.

A blond cowboy stops to smile for DRUMMER photographer Rob Clayton as his leatherclad companion continues on. All in all, it was a great night for the Leather Community.

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SEA FEVER

by KURT KREISLER

I had been lying wide awake listening to the sound of the rain outside my window for what seemed to be hours on end. The clock belied my sense of timing. The soft splatter of the drops on the dry pavement . . . the musty smell of the thirsty earth reached my nostrils through the partially opened window . . . I breathed deeply, longingly.

I lay there listening to the rainy night, wishing and hurting, hurting deep down in my body: a hurt that was like a dull ache deep in my chest, and even deeper in my groin.

I grabbed my cock. Turgid, it pulsed and throbbed beneath my fingers, causing me to stroke it repeatedly, gently as if in a silent prayer, a prayer for gratification of my most secret desires.

I could smell the brown leather of my britches lying close beside the bed. It was like an aphrodisiac and only made my hardon quicken in its urgency.

Then my hand slowed, my cock softened and I must have dozed for a short while.

My first impression upon awakening was of an even stronger smell of leather, wet leather. It permeated the atmosphere of the room almost overwhelmingly, the smell of the surf clinging to the edges of the odor. My eyes opened instantly into the darkness, or at least I thought they did. Was I still sleeping? The vague shapes of the room were familiar to me and I relaxed slightly, at least sure of where I was . . . maybe. A car swished by on the wet street outside my apartment.

My heart started pounding in my chest, shaking my whole body. Sweat broke out on my forehead. I listened with my whole body. The breathing, demanding: he was there . . . my Poseidon, my god of gods. My skin tingled momentarily, and goosebumps covered my naked body as I lay still on the bed.

All at once I could see him or, rather, his silhouette against the curtains of the window, lighted by the street lamp outside. His leather chaps clung to his body like a second skin; the leather vest covered the massive chest, and the shadow of hair was dark.

He moved toward me, and his weight

suddenly engulfed me in its massiveness. I felt his hot breath against my cheek, yet still I remained silent, afraid that it would go away if I made a move. It didn't. The hot, hungry, long overdue kisses smothered my neck and shoulders. The leather of his chaps chafed against my naked skin, almost causing me to cry out in the night . . . but I didn't. I could feel the nakedness of his cock and balls against mine, both cocks hard and demanding. The soft hardness of our nuts ground against each other's almost urgently. The feeling of leather surrounded the sex area, only adding to the stimulus. I gasped in both pleasure and pain.

Suddenly my legs were in the air, straddling the broad and muscular shoulders of my midnight visitor. The leather of his vest rubbed a delicious torture against my prominent tits, and I squirmed beneath him unconsciously. I licked at his face and tasted nothing but the sharpness of sea salt.

Then I felt the urgency of his cock head against my asshole. It prodded and pushed, as though begging to be admitted into the warmth of my body. I tried to relax to accommodate the hugeness of the head.

Quickly he entered, stretching the hole almost to its limit. I couldn't help but cry out, but it slowed him only momentarily. His invasion increased in intensity, the fullness of his meat filling my insides to overflowing.

"Love me, little one . . . worship me!" The words were breathed softly but insistently into my ear.

"Yes, Master . . . yes!" My breath was fast and gusty as I replied automatically. My head swam from the sensations of both naked skin and raw leather against my body.

He pushed harder, and the monstrous prick slipped past the muscles of my asshole. I gasped from the pain and arched my back against the onslaught of passion. I could feel it coursing through his big, muscular body. He rammed the rod home clear to the hilt, hitting bottom, and I cried aloud against my will. The sounds of my protest seemed only to spur him

on to even greater attempts to hurt me.

He backed away slightly and slapped me across the face . . . hard. I yelled in protest. He slapped me again even harder. I could see the dark, burning coals of his eyes in the semidarkness, and they flashed menacingly through the murkiness as he stared hard at my flushed face. His sharp teeth glittered in the soft light as he smiled his pleasure down at me, lying helpless beneath him.

As quickly as it had entered, the stiff prick was yanked from my asshole. In one swift and vicious move, I was pulled off the bed and onto the floor and forced to my hands and knees.

I remained frozen there, silent, for a few long moments. The sound of the rain became obvious to me, but now the room smelled like the spray of the sea and not the wet mustiness of the rain.

Suddenly I yelped as a leather strap lashed against the naked cheeks of my ass. I nearly fell forward onto my face, but managed to retain my posture. My bare buttocks burned from the impact of the leather strap. Again it slashed, and I heard soft laughter from above. I cried out for mercy.

"Please, Master . . . please stop!"

"That's it, animal . . . beg for mercy . . . beg me, your Master!" Again the leather strap slashed against my naked skin and I screamed aloud, unable to control myself. I was tempted to lie down on the floor in an attempt to escape the lash, but for some reason I remained on my hands and knees.

"Please, Master!" This time the strap whipped up between my legs and smashed against my hanging balls. The excruciating pain rolled through my body and hammered at my spinning mind.

Again he was on top of me, the leather strap lying forgotten on the floor beside us. I felt his gigantic piece of meat plunge anew into my asshole in one swift stroke and I almost passed out from the pain. Again that laughter, low and throaty right behind me.

"Crawl!" I began to move, feeling like an animal as I felt the gigantic tool moving in and out of my ass. His legs spread

mine further apart, and it was difficult to manage even a crawl. Yet somehow I did and the idea stimulated me. My own cock was rock-hard between my legs, my balls swinging as I moved.

I felt him reach down between my legs, his arms wrapped securely around my waist, the muscles bulging against me. He wrapped a leather thong around my cock and balls, bringing it up and separating my nuts painfully. I grunted loudly as he pulled the ends of the leather string around each side of my waist, taking one end in each hand. He yanked sharply, separating my balls even further and causing the rough string to chafe against the base of my hard cock. I cried out and heard him laugh above me, his cock still spreading my hole wide open. The laughter was almost ethereal, unreal, deep and musical. Goosebumps covered my body instantly.

He pulled his huge cock out to the flaring rim of the swollen head and then lunged forward, forcing me to begin crawling again. With each movement he yanked up on the makeshift ball harness, causing me to break out in a sweat from the pain and pressure. My balls felt as if they were going to burst. I could feel his own low-hanging, heavy balls swinging from side to side against my legs as we moved slowly around the room.

"Faster, you little bastard . . . faster!" His voice was husky with passion.

I increased my speed and felt him tie the leather thong across the small of my back. My nuts ached, but I was still hard and excited despite the discomfort boiling up from between my legs and the stretching pain of his monstrous cock up my sore ass.

We crawled around the darkened room until my head hit the bed in the murky darkness. Thunder rolled across the sky ominously as he pulled his cock out of my ass and stood up, towering above me in the night, his smile glittering sadistically in the semidarkness. I hesitated as he reached down toward me. He took hold of my hair in one massive, muscular hand and began pulling me toward the closed French doors leading to the balcony of my apartment.

The doors opened as if by magic and I was pulled, on hands and knees, out onto the balcony, the rain pouring down upon us in a steady tattoo. Lightning flashed across the darkened, cloudy sky and moments later thunder rolled among the heavy clouds, stabbing sharply at my eardrums like a rusty scalpel.

I winced as my giant visitor moved quickly in front of me in the rain. In the far distance I could hear the whistle of a train. It sounded lonely and scared, not unlike what I had felt just before my midnight visitor had come to me.

He grabbed the back of my head and pulled my face into the opening of his chaps. I could feel the silken hardness of his cock against my lips at the same moment that I felt the wet roughness of his leather chaps framing my face.

The bulbous head pressed firmly against my mouth as the rainwater poured over my naked body. Lightning bit through the darkness and caused me to look almost frightening in his stance. His size was magnified by the glare. His

prick entered my mouth just as the drums of thunder rolled across the world. As my mouth enveloped his cock, he laughed again, the sound like one unreal.

"Suck it, little one . . . suck it good!"

I slipped further down my throat nearly causing me to gag, something I somehow avoided. I swallowed repeatedly, trying to accommodate the huge tool as it lunged viciously against my throat.

"That's it, little slave . . . suck it good but easy!"

I complied, trying to match my own movements to those of his muscular hips. The rain poured over us, rivulets of water matting my hair and washing down across my eyes. Again, a vivid slash of lightning across the sky made him look like an electrified giant. The smell of leather was even stronger out in the open rain, and it did things to my mind. My head swirled with desire for this stranger, this giant rouser of the night.

He suddenly pulled his cock from my eager mouth and flipped me over onto my back. He mounted my chest with his massive legs, and I automatically opened my mouth. I could taste the sweetness of the rain that splattered my face as my lips parted, ready for more, more of anything . . . even more abuse. The cock and ball harness stretched and strained at my nuts as I tried to lower my legs onto the deck of the balcony. I was forced to keep my knees bent to avoid the agony.

I heard him groan loudly with pleasure, a deep growl from far down in his throat.

"Unhhh . . ." His strokes against my mouth became longer and faster, the feeling of the bulging veins along the huge piece of meat obvious against my sensitive lips. His massive, heavy balls slapped against my chin and throat as he moved silently in and out, the fleshly shaft gorging my mouth to its capacity.

I felt him reach down behind me and take hold of the leather thong tied around my waist. He yanked hard on the instrument of torture, excruciating pain racking my balls and cock. I moaned around the cock that was shoved into my mouth, and he let go of the thong with a painful snap. Once more that throaty laugh that seemed to blend with the rain that drenched our bodies. Periodically the lightning would silhouette him against the dark sky. The sight was awesome. It gave me chills. He looked unworldly . . . and determined. I could smell the tang of the sea in the hair around his cock and balls, and could taste the saltiness on his prick as I sucked as hard as I could manage. My jaws were already aching from trying to accommodate the huge, throbbing prick. I tried to relax, but it was impossible.

Then the big prick was pulled from my mouth with a loud, sucking pop. He grabbed me by my wet hair and hauled me to my feet. His wet body seemed to glow in the darkness, and I could only gaze at him in fascination.

He swung me around with his powerful arms until I was backed against the railing of the balcony. It hit just at the small of my back. He grabbed my balls and squeezed them with all his strength, I yelled out into the night as the pain

boiled up into my brain. His laughter mocked me loudly. He bent me over the railing until I felt the fear of being suspended in midair. My head tilted back until I could see the empty street below me. The driving rain misted the street lamps almost eerily. I felt dizzy and raised my head to gaze into his burning eyes.

He held me securely by the hips with his giant hands and bent forward until his handsome lips brushed against my tit. Then, quickly, his teeth gnashed at the tender flesh, and I squirmed beneath him. He sawed at the nipple, grinding it slowly. I moaned in a mixture of ecstasy and agony. The leather thong made my cock and balls feel as if they were on fire, and the pain from my chest blended with the sensation from below my waist. I froze, unable to move for fear of falling from his grasp.

His mouth switched to my other tit, and he bit into the flesh until I was sure it must be bleeding. Chills shook my body under the onslaught of pain. The rain, still falling hard, splattered into my blinking eyes as I beheld the huge figure of the sexy man before me.

He grabbed one leg beneath each of his mighty arms and held me securely as the head of his cock pressed demandingly against my asshole. I cringed at the idea of yet another penetration by that huge piece of meat, but, still, somewhere in the back of my mind, I wanted it feverishly.

The leather harness around my cock and balls made my prick stand out from my body like an upright pillar. The feeling of fire still emanated from my crotch as the invader began to enter my body slowly, spreading my hole wide open. I could feel the cool rain washing over my ravaged tits. It poured between my legs as if trying to soothe away the burning pain.

"Move your sweet little ass . . . faster!" I moved as best I could, the fear of falling still uppermost in my mind. I avoided looking down at the street again, for it had made my head spin before.

Once more his mouth found my tits, and he began abusing them with relish. I squirmed beneath his grasp, his large, muscular hands still holding me securely over the railing. My back and neck were beginning to hurt from the strain of my position. I groaned loudly, but the sound was totally ignored.

He shoved . . . and I felt myself slipping over the balcony railing just a little further. The metal inched its way down my back. Again lightning flashed across the sky, illuminating both of our bodies: mine helpless, his dominant. His gigantic form glared in the quicksilver light. The hair on his chest stood out vibrantly in the brightness of the thunderbolt.

His monstrous cock maneuvered its way into my body to the limits, and I twisted with pain. His hands, broad and open, began whipping at the sides of my ass in something of a rhythm. He grinned down at me through the darkness, his smile that of a satyr. I felt horny but chilled.

His big cock plunged in and out of my asshole like a pile driver, my body twisting in its strained position. I could hear his breathing, heavy and labored, above



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As a continuing service to Fraternity members, new members will be denoted **. That is, members whose listings did not appear in the last issue, and whose listings appear for the first time in this issue, will be so designated.

Please remember that you *must* be a member of The Leather Fraternity in order to answer ads or to run a free ad yourself. Now, good hunting!

ALABAMA

ANNISTON. M. Gemini, 42, 5'9". 185. White. 6%". Knowledgeable. Heavy bondage. No drugs. Box 358.

** * BIRMINGHAM. S. Scorpio. 50, 5'9". 140. White. 6". Knowledgeable. Expects to be obeyed by financially independent, cut slave over 35. No fems. Box 027.

ARIZONA

PHOENIX. S. Virgo. 53, 6'2". 180. White. 7". Experienced. Willing and able to train slave over 35. Permanent relationship. Box 0142.

PHOENIX. S. Leo. 37, 6'2". 180. White. 8". Knowledgeable. Seeks masculine slave to 40. Should be imaginative, versatile. No blood, fats, Box 0172.

PHOENIX. M. Virgo. 33, 6'. 155. White. Novice. Wants control and training from manly, respectful Master to 45. No heavy pain, fats, fems. Cut preferred. Box 231.

PHOENIX. S. Libra. 36, 6'. 175. White. 9". Knowledgeable. Good body and long endurance important. No fems. Box 250.

PHOENIX. M. 31, 5'10". 135. White. 7". Novice. Needs humiliation, discipline and training. Eager to please strict stud Master. No drugs or fats. Box 315.

TUCSON. SM. Cancer. 5'10". 165. White. 6%". Knowledgeable. Seeks truly masculine partner to 40. No squares. Box 017X.

TUCSON. S. Virgo. 50, 5'10". 140. White. 6%". Knowledgeable. Seeks docile partner under 40 into mild B&D. No heavy smokers or drinkers, drags, dopers, fats. Box 182D.

ARKANSAS

FORT SMITH. S. Leo. 28, 5'9%". 130. White. 8%". Knowledgeable, sensible, selfish, arrogant S wants true M, experienced and serious. Must be small and cut. No fems, role-chasers, parasites, permanent relationships. Box 135.

CALIFORNIA

ALAMEDA. SM. Gemini. 31, 6'. 185. White. 6%". Knowledgeable. Heavy into oral, strapping, whipping action. Will switch roles for right person. No permanent relationship. Box 157.

BIGGS. M. Cancer. 30, 6'. 185. White. 6%". Knowledgeable. Needs humiliation. W/S, scat from understanding leather Master. Blacks preferred. No fats. Box 081E.

BURBANK. M. Leo. 36, 6'. 165. White. 6%". Novice. Willing and able to please sexy partner under 40. No serious pain or disfigurement, hard drugs, blacks. Box 050L.

CAMARILLO. MS. Aquarius. 51, 5'11". 171. White. Knowledgeable. Masculine, prefers slave role and needs punishment from partner over 35. Wallows in dirty sex but has limited tolerance for pain. Box 254S.

CARLSBAD. M. Leo. 43, 5'9%". 175. White. 7%". Knowledgeable. Seeks person 35 to 50 who is experienced, enthusiastic, discreet and respects limits. Box 225.

CARMEL. SM. Virgo. 21, 5'11". 145. White. 8%". Completely inexperienced. Sexy dude wants to learn light S&M from well-endowed partner to 38. No blacks, Orientals, redheads. Box 241V.

CLAREMONT. SM. Virgo. 39, 5'10%". 150. White. 7". Knowledgeable. Seeks sincere, honest, experienced partner. No fems, TVs, hustlers. Box 500.

CLOVIS. SM. Capricorn. 38, 6'2". 190. White. 8". Completely inexperienced. Seeks well-developed, masculine slave to 50 with some body hair. No dirt, drags, heavy drinkers. Box 185G.

CORONA. M. Virgo. 41, 6'. 190. White. 6". Novice. Wants to serve good-looking dude under 33. Well-proportioned body essential. Box 169A.

GLENDALE. M. Libra. 48, 5'10%". 155. White. 6%". Novice. Wants to serve gentle but demanding master into heavy bondage. Box 050D.

GLENDALE. S. Leo. 39, 5'11". 180. White. 9". Old hand. Blond German wants slim M under 30 who does not say no to bondage, discipline, etc. Possible permanent relationship. Box 168.

HAWAIIAN GARDENS. M. Pisces. 37, 5'10%". 165. White. 7%". Knowledgeable. Complete Bondage Slave for complete Bondage Master. Box 051H.

HOLLYWOOD. S. Sagittarius. 30, 5'10". 150. White. 7". Old hand. Dominant, goodlooking dude digs husky, muscular, well-endowed partners to 39. Should be tall, dark-haired, white. Smooth chest preferred. Box 017X.

HOLLYWOOD. MS. Gemini. 38, 6'. 165. White. 7". Novice. Blond, hot body, tight ass, extreme muscle control. Wants goodlooking man into role-switching who knows what he wants and how to get it! No fems, fats. Box 017Q.

HOLLYWOOD. S. Libra. 42, 6'1". 185. White. 7". Experienced to turn you on. Seeks husky, youngish slave to train completely. No heavy pain, a little love. No fems. Be humble. Box 071X.

HOLLYWOOD. S. Cancer. 32, 5'11". 170. White. 7". Old hand. S&M film superstar wants to dominate ultra masculine partner to 30. No fems, fats. Box 185P.

HOLLYWOOD. M. Pisces. 40, 5'6". 130. White. 5%". Novice. Will give his all to Master who respects limits. No scat, shaving. Box 227.

HUNTINGTON BEACH. S. Cancer. 34, 5'6". 130. White. 7%". Completely inexperienced. Seeks similar M under 33 for mutual fulfillment of fantasies. No liars, fats. Box 294S.

IRVINE. SM. Cancer. 34, 6'3". 180. White. 9". Knowledgeable. Dominates with warmth, respect, affection; seeks same. Likes return affaire with white partner to 40. No blood, bruises, severe pain. Box 186P.

LONG BEACH. M. Virgo. 29, 5'10". 150. White. 8". Old hand. Hot and ready to serve totally experienced, good-looking muscular Master to 35 into heavy action. No shit, shaving, fems, fats. Box 078.

LOS ANGELES. MS. Aquarius. 27, 6'1%". 160. White. 5%". Novice. Sensitive college student wants to expand limits in long-term relationship with intelligent, caring Master who drinks. Box 017W.

LOS ANGELES. S. Aries. 38, 5'6". 135. White. 6". Old hand. Seeks masculine, submissive M under 40. No scat, fats, mutilation. Box 018.



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The Leather Fraternity

LOS ANGELES. MS. Aries. 42. 6'1". 180. White. 65". Novice with strong desire to learn. Prefers masculine bodybuilder type with large cock. Box 0505.

LOS ANGELES. S. Libra. 40. 5'10". 155. White. 6". Knowledgeable. Attractive, imaginative Stud is good top man for obedient, uninhibited partner. No heavy drugs, drunks, fems, fats. Loves sex! Box 133.

LOS ANGELES. M. Taurus. 28. 5'5". 130. Oriental. 45". Knowledgeable. Good, obedient slave seeks gentle, white Master to Box. 166.

LOS ANGELES. SM. Pisces. 49. 5'10". 150. White. 6". Novice. No booze, drugs. Looks not important, but must be over 38. Box 167.

LOS ANGELES. SM. Taurus. 29. 6'1". 195. White. 65". Sensual, imaginative sex seeks muscular partner to 37 with warmth and sense of humor. Box 180H.

LOS ANGELES. M. Virgo. 34. 5'10". 165. White. 6". Novice. Attractive, intelligent, masculine. Likes raunchy sex with funky, rough, dominant partner to 45. Spit, blacks, hairy bodies, moustaches real turn-ons. Box 181.

LOS ANGELES. M. Virgo. 49. 5'10". 145. White. 6". Knowledgeable, imaginative and obedient. Box 182.

LOS ANGELES. M. Sagittarius. Moon in Scorpio. 34. 6'3". 180. White. 7". Knowledgeable. Seeks experienced Masters who are into bondage and can meet the challenge of a big man. Box 185Z.

LOS ANGELES. S. Libra. 37. 6'4". 200. White. 75". Knowledgeable. Will respect limits of husky, masculine slave with hairy chest. No fems, scat, heavy scenes. Must be discreet. Box 205M.

LOS ANGELES. SM. Taurus. 30. 5'11". 155. White. 75". Knowledgeable. Heavy action man with right partner who is sure of himself and knows what he wants, what he likes and what the scene will be. Box 301.

LOS ANGELES. M. Capricorn. 53. 5'11". 210. White. Knowledgeable. Will adore and worship a noble beast of a Master up to 40 heavy into humiliation. No slabs. Box 347.

LOS ANGELES. M. Cancer. 34. 6'. 170. White. 75". Knowledgeable. Good headman will follow orders of experienced Master to 40. No fms, fats, drunks, dopers. Box 150.

MALIBU. SM. Leo. 32. 5'9". 139. White. 65". Novice. Leather wearing escort wants to learn more about the scene from knowledgeable partner able to tolerate his ego and temper. No one-night stands. Beach a must. Box 1850.

MANHATTAN BEACH. M. Capricorn. 42. 5'7". 138. White. 6". Knowledgeable. Small, slim with firm ass wants verbal humiliation and training from stern Master. Box 048A.

MARINA DEL REY. MS. Virgo. 38. 5'11". 168. White. Novice. Wants permanent partner for boxing, judo, wrestling. No fats, blacks, hard drugs, dirt. Box 125P.

MAYWOOD. S. Aries. 52. 5'9". 145. White. 5". Old hand. Has had laryngectomy. Prefers hairless chest. No drunks or fats. Box 350.

MILL VALLEY. M. Capricorn. 35. 5'11". 150. White. 8". Novice M. Knowledgeable S. Has intense desire to orally serve beer drinker to 32 heavy into W/S. Must be cut. No fats, blacks, blahs. Box 023T.

NORTH HOLLYWOOD. M. Aries. 33. 5'6". 135. White. 55". Knowledgeable. Honest, totally obedient and faithful to macho Master into biker, camping, outdoors. No fats, fms, fats. Box 45. Box 030.

NORTH HOLLYWOOD. M. Virgo. 48. 5'8". 145. White. 6". Old hand. Intelligent, well-educated, Seeks Master to 52 into mouth fucking, ass-worship, rimming, bondage, humiliation. No scat, piercing, fats, TVs. Box 060H.

NORTH HOLLYWOOD. S. Virgo. 38. 6'155. White. 65". Knowledgeable. Will respect limits of partner to 35. Mexican, Asian preferred. No fats, phonies, redheads, over 6'. Box 188.

NORTH HOLLYWOOD. M. Virgo. 34. 5'9". 135. White. 6". Novice. Boot-lover has sincere desire to satisfy compatible partner into W/S. No fms, drugs. Box 188R.

OAKLAND. M. Pisces. 52. 6'2". 200. White. 6". Novice. Wants understanding teacher to help his B&D fantasies come true. Into art and classical music. No fms, dopers, hippies. Box 225.

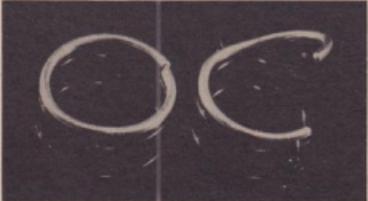
OAKVIEW. SM. Capricorn. 44. 6'3". 225. White. 65". Novice. Virile and versatile, wishes to enjoy sex to the highest possible degree with muscular, mature partner 30-50. No drugs, skinnies. Box 170.

PASADENA. S. Taurus. 29. 5'11". 180. White. 8". Knowledgeable. Tattooed biker wants M who can be prepared for whatever is commanded. Must be masculine, into Levis and Leather. Box 182Z.

PASADENA. M. Sagittarius. 47. 5'10". 150. White. 6". Completely inexperienced. Wants to learn painless bondage from respectful S. No W/S, scat, drugs, fems. Box 276.

SACRAMENTO. MS. Cancer. 39. 6'1". 225. White. 65". Knowledgeable. Prolonged bondage and training. Box 296A.

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SAN DIEGO, SM, Virgo, 28, 5'7 1/4", 155. White, 7". Knowledgeable. Muscular, masculine biker seeks S to 50. Leether is his lifestyle, not a sexual diversion! No fats, drunks, heavy drugs. Box 020.

SAN DIEGO, M, Leo, 38, 6'3", 190. White, 7 1/2". Knowledgeable. Enjoys bondage, being used. Partner should be near area and respect limits. Box 050K.

SAN DIEGO, S, Gemini, 43, 5'6", 160. White, 7". Knowledgeable. Bodybuilder seeks butch, sincere partner in good physical condition who knows how to serve. No fats, drunks, dirty types. Box 182V.

SAN FERNANDO, M, Cancer, 37, 5'11", 185. White, 6". Completely inexperienced. Chains, tattoos, grease, Box 201.

SAN FRANCISCO, M, Capricorn, 27, 5'7", 130. White, 6 1/2". Novice. Natural bottom still learning after two years in the scene. Enjoys dominance, bondage with partner to 40 who respects limits. No fats, scat. Box 015.

SAN FRANCISCO, S, Cancer, 38, 5'8", 130. Black, 6 1/2". Novice. Former M wishes to work out S fantasies with an experienced partner born on the 21st of any month. Body hair a must. No fats, drunks, Box 032.

SAN FRANCISCO, MS, Leo, 35, 6'1", 153. White. Novice. Scene is secondary to overall turn on. No fats, fats, heavy drugs. Box 075.

SAN FRANCISCO, MS, Scorpio, 31, 6'1", 165. White, 6 1/2". Novice. Obedient, trusting, willing to experience within limits. Would consider S role only under direction of experienced S. No heavy S&M, fats, drunks, over 45. Box 084.

SAN FRANCISCO, M, Libra, 34, 5'10", 148. White, 7%. Knowledgeable. Will totally serve experienced Master under 40 who respects limits. Into FF, W/S, B&D, tit work. No fats, drunks, phonies, scat. Box 139.

SAN FRANCISCO, S, Leo, 34, 5'8", 150. White, 6". Knowledgeable, sincere, considerate, patient stud seeks sincere, submissive M under 40. No fats, drunks, drags. Box 145.

SAN FRANCISCO, SM, Taurus, 28, 6', 160. White, 6 1/2". Novice. Attractive stud seeks understanding partner to 40. Prefers someone to learn with or someone who will teach well. No fats, ego trips, fats. Box 180S.

SAN FRANCISCO, S, Virgo, 38, 6'2", 175. White, 6". Knowledgeable. Severe and intense in sadistic, heavy scenes. Into black leather breeches, high boots, bikes. Partner must be into ritual, bondage, leather worship. No fats, fats. Box 184F.

SAN FRANCISCO, S, Taurus, 36, 5'10", 166. White, 6". Knowledgeable. Clean cut collegiate type preferred. Absolutely no role-switching. Box 185.

SAN FRANCISCO, S, Aries, 55, 6', 182. White, 6 1/2". Old hand. Thirty year S&M veteran seeks partner to 50 able to take moderate to severe whipping, some W/S. No role-switching, fats, scat, FF, drags. Box 187P.

SAN FRANCISCO, S, Leo, 36, 5'8", 130. White, 8". Knowledgeable. Will totally control intelligent, masculine partner to 40 into all areas of sex. No fats, fats, drunks. Cut preferred. Box 229M.

SAN FRANCISCO, S, Aries, 32, 5'6 1/2", 148. White, 6 1/2". Old hand. Fair but dominant Master seeks obedient, trustworthy slave ready to serve completely without question. No crybabies, pretend slaves, drags. Box 290T.

SAN FRANCISCO, M, Leo, 37, 6', 150. White, 6". Novice. Masculine. Prefers educated, beefy, tall, dominant man into uniforms, law enforcement. Seeks submission but not abuse, mutual respect and affection, complimentary mate. Tattoos, mirrors, hairy, plus factors. Box 294Y.

SAN FRANCISCO, S, Gemini, 31, 6'2", 195. White, 7". Novice. Offers physical, mental dominance to passive, masculine-appearing partner to 45. Must be cut. No fats, hippies, unemployed. Box 299.

SAN FRANCISCO, M, Cancer, 40, 5'11", 170. White, 7". Knowledgeable. The ultimate slave: shaved head and body; pierced tits and foreskin. Will do anything for right Master. Bearded preferred. Box 368.

SANTA ANA, S, Leo, 38, 6'2", 185. White, 6". Novice. Considerate, straight-appearing. Seeks good-looking passive partner to 45. No fats, blacks. Box 168B.

SHERMAN OAKS, SM, Libra, 35, 5'6", 130. White, 7". Novice. Seeks knowledgeable, understanding partner under 50 who respects limits. No fats. Box 181T.

STANFORD, MS, Virgo, 44, 5'7", 155. White, 7". Knowledgeable. Uninhibited, obedient, prefers locals under 40 but older S if skilled. Into anal action. No fats, fats, booters. Box 206.

STUDIO CITY, MS, Scorpio, 32, 5'7", 160. White, 5 1/2". Knowledgeable. Seeks understanding partner who wants a relationship out of bed as well as in. No blacks, dirty bodies. Box 294Z.

* * * **TARZANA**, M, Pisces, 39, 5'9 1/2", 169. White, 8". Knowledgeable. Enjoys C&B action, manhandling, catheterization, etc. from responsible, confident partner. No role-switching. Box 132M.

TUSTIN, M, Libra, 35, 5'7", 130. White, 7". Novice. Will give the right Master what he wants and needs. Must be under 46 and cut. No fats, hardcore. Box 216.

* * * **WEST HOLLYWOOD**, S, Aquarius, 21, 5'11", 144. White, 6 1/2". Knowledgeable. Knows what he wants and how to get it! Seeks reliable, stable, masculine partner to late 40s. No lovers, role-switching, redheads. Box 294V8.

WOODSIDE, SM, Aries, 33, 6', 168. White, 7". Knowledgeable. Wants good leather sex on the Peninsula. No fats, balds, scat. Will switch roles with right person. Box 189.

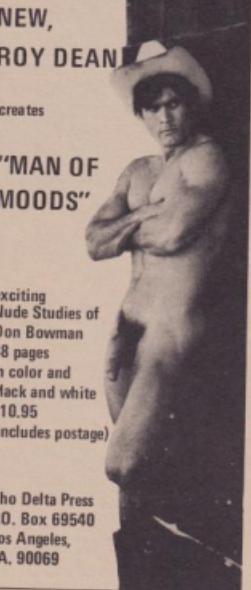
COLORADO

COLORADO SPRINGS, M, Sagittarius, 21, 6'3", 170. White, 6 1/2". Completely inexperienced. Will be subservient to a clean, masculine partner willing to start out easy and does not want a total commitment. Box 090.

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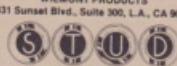
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DENVER. M, Aquarius. 24. 5'8". 150. White. 5½". Knowledgeable. Sincere leather lover digs police scene. Wants to get into prolonged total bondage, dog and toilet training. Willing to experiment and correspond. Box 110.

DENVER. M, Libra. 30. 5'9½". 195. White. 7". Novice. Seeks totally dominant Master to please and serve. Prefers non-smoker, light drinker, no drugs. Box 254.

DENVER. S, Aries. 32. 6'2". 190. White. 8½". Knowledgeable. Dominant, demanding dude seeks partner to 48 who does what he's told. No one dirty or non-masculine. Box 304L.

CONNECTICUT

GREENWICH. S, Cancer. 46. 5'11". 160. White. 6". Knowledgeable. Has fine leather toys. Seeks butch, sincere partner who knows how to serve. No fats, fems, phones. Box 051E.

MILFORD. S, Capricorn. 44. 5'10¾". 175. White. 7". Knowledgeable. Educated, experienced former police officer and champion motorcyclist seeks devoted, masculine M willing to be completely owned. Should be intelligent. No drugs, drunks, fems, fats, cheats. Box 309.

MYSTIC. S, Aries. 50s. 5'10". 175. White. 8". Old hand. Experienced top man will train sexually uninhibited, honest partner up to 50. No drugs, phones, dildars, fats, fems. Box 329.

NEW HAVEN. MS, Gemini. 23. 5'11". 145. White. 6". Novice. Has sincere desire to learn both roles from knowledgeable partner to 35. No drugs, freaks, redheads. Box 1680.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

WASHINGTON. SM, Leo. 41. 5'10". 165. White. 6". Well informed novice. Dominant dude into S&M fantasies seeks mainly correspondence unless contact is discreet. Group experiences a turn on. No fems, fats, drugs, hippies, scat, brands. Box 017M.

WASHINGTON. MS, Capricorn. 39. 6'1". 170. White. 6½". Novice. Extremely hunky, intelligent number enjoys pleasuring dominant, masculine partners to 45, preferably no one-night stands. No fems, fats, stupidity. Box 290L.

FLORIDA

COCONUT GROVE. SM, Virgo. 46. 5'9¾". 140. White. 7". Knowledgeable. Can relate to and assume both roles with discreet, intelligent partner under 6', over 30. No fats, fems, hirsute types. Oriental a plus. Box 0109.

FT. LAUDERDALE. SM, Cancer. 31. 5'11". 140. White. 7". Knowledgeable. Great top man will satisfy levi-covboy type over 25. Will switch roles with right partner. No fats, game-playing, instant preferred. Box 066.

FT. LAUDERDALE. M, Libra. 44. 5'8". 155. White. 8½". Novice. Prefers motorcycle police officer. No fems or fats. Box 200.

GAINESVILLE. SM, Gemini. 35. 6'1". 170. White. 7½". Old hand. Intelligent, has deep and genuine interest in scene. Wishes to constantly broaden and deepen experiences with like partner to 45+. No drunks, fats, curiosity-seekers. Box 156X.

JACKSONVILLE. SM, Libra. 26. 5'11". 155. White. 6". Novice. Attractive, masculine, highly sexed dude wishes to expand experiences with tolerant partner to 45+ respectful of limits. No fems, fats, ego trippers. Box 051A.

JACKSONVILLE. S, Sagittarius. 46. 6'. 150. White. Novice. Thorough, patient, respectful of limits and tolerance. First and foremost a foot fetishist. No fats, gross personalities. Slender, sexy feet a plus. Box 159.

KISSIMMEE. SM, Virgo. 53. 5'10¾". 150. White. 6". Completely inexperienced. Prefers partner under 40 into role-switching. No drugs. Box 153.

LAKE WORTH. SM, Pisces. 36. 6'1". 175. White. 8". Old hand. Can endure much in either male and wants no-nonsense partner who knows what he is doing. Into heavy S&M, regular sex. No fems, smulators. Box 125A.

MIAMI. SM, Scorpio. 35. 5'9¾". Knowledgeable. Heavy oral orientation and exhibitionism desired. Box 047.

MIAMI. M, Aries. 48. 5'9¾". 155. White. 8½". Knowledgeable. Will submit to and serve dominant, masculine partner to 50. Funky, hairy, sweaty a turn on. Blacks, straights preferred but not necessary. No fems. Box 050.

ORLANDO. M, Libra. 25. 5'8". 145. White.

Knowledgeable. B&D. Firm but gentle.

Pearl slave 8-25. Box 060C.

SARASOTA BEACH. S, Virgo. 47. 6'3¾". 175. White. 7". Knowledgeable. Will provide any experience desired with respect and understanding of limits. Reliable, trustworthy. No fats, fems, hard drugs. Box 199.

ST. PETERSBURG BEACH. M, Taurus. 42. 6'.

222. White. 8". Novice. Passive with high pain threshold. Will serve a knowledgeable Master who respects limits. No heavy booze, drugs. Must be clean. Box 082L.

** * **TAMPA.** M, Libra. 24. 5'11". 155. White. 7½". Completely inexperienced. Good-looking dude will do almost anything to please the right partner to early 30s, straight in appearance and willing to train. No fems, fats, blacks. Box 369.

HAWAII

KAIAA, KAUAI. M, Aries. 37. 5'10". 155. White. 7½". Novice. Total service to butch S, 30 to 50. Will relocate for right Master. No drugs, phones, liars. Box 272.

ILLINOIS

ALTON. S, Capricorn. 35. 6'. 170. White. Knowledgeable. Versatile, muscular, hunky Stud seeks partner to 35. Should be clean-cut, no fats. Box 159M.

BELLEVILLE. M, Virgo. 29. 5'9". 140. White. 6½". Knowledgeable. Seeks partner under 40 who respects limits and wants totally obedient Slave. No role-switching, excessive drug or alcohol use. Box 221.

CHICAGO. MS, Cancer. 31. 6'. 162. White. 6". Completely inexperienced. Intelligent, respects limits, will do anything with/for intelligent, understanding partner to 50. No selfish, uncaring, unfeeling. Box 010.

CHICAGO. M, Cancer. 39. 5'11". 185. White. Knowledgeable. Seeks bodybuilder type up to 45 able to totally dominate. Must be masculine, clean, straight in appearance. Box 0522L.

CHICAGO. SM, Aries. 33. 5'10". 200. White. 6½". Novice. S&M author wants to correspond with/meet others into S&M porn. Box 088E.

CHICAGO. SM, Scorpio. 38. 6'1". 175. White. 8". Knowledgeable. Adaptable, experimental. Partner must be interested in mutual pleasure. Big balls, hairy chests a plus. Box 181S.

CHICAGO. SM, Aries. 28. 6'2". 165. White. 7½". Knowledgeable, imaginative, adaptable dude into paddling, strapping, spanking with white partner to 40. No fems, fats, heavy S&M. Box 314.

CHICAGO. S, Leo. 34. 6'. 270. White. 7". Novice. Willing to learn either role from versatile white partner to 35. No scat. W/S, liars. Box 206W.

DUNDEE. SM, Taurus. 50. 6'. 220. White. 6¾". Knowledgeable. Loves playing both roles with compatible, discreet partner who enjoys giving and receiving. No hustlers, troublemakers, dirty types. Box 294X.

LANSING. M, Taurus. 32. 5'10". 155. White. 8". Knowledgeable. Into leathersex with masculine partner over 30 who is REALLY the Master. No fats, fems. Box 294V.

MAYWOOD. S, Gemini. 45. 5'11". 190. White. 8½". Completely inexperienced. Seeks clean, discreet partner. Box 142.

MURPHYSBORD. S. Virgo. 32. 5'7". 160. White, 10%. Knowledgeable. Abusive, imaginative dude seeks intelligent, attractive partner. Early 20s preferred, No slabs. Box 125H.

SPRINGFIELD. MS. Aries. 51. 5'8". 170. White, 5%. Knowledgeable. Wants to meet muscular, virile men for bondage, 30-50 preferred. Box 335.

WHEATON. M. Scorpio. 35. 5'10". 195. White, 8%. Novice. Training and reducing to better serve and please you, Sir! Box 180.

WHEELING. S. Aries. 26. 6'. 180. White, 6%. Knowledgeable. Demands and will reward respect and obedience from submissive partner to 35. Possible permanent relationship. No balds, fats, fems, TVs, drunks. Box 181P.

WOOD RIVER. S. Capricorn. 56. 5'6". 155. White, 7%. Knowledgeable. Open minded, willing to please. Box 360.

INDIANA

INDIANAPOLIS. SM. Taurus. 31. 5'6". 160. White, 5%. Knowledgeable. Sincere, honest, interested in possible long-term relationship. Partner must be discreet, over 21. Box 119.

INDIANAPOLIS. S. Virgo. 45. 6'3". 190. White, 6%. Novice. Firm, understanding Master seeks clean, discreet, masculine partner anywhere in U.S. Must be under 35. Blond, uncircumcised. Box 180Q.

KENTUCKY

COVINGTON. S. Virgo. 35. 6'4". 190. White, 7%. Old hand. Well-built stud into hot, sweaty pain trips, oil. Well-built, white only to 45. Box 153H.

LEXINGTON. S. Leo. 37. 6'1". 197. White, 7%. Knowledgeable, understanding. Partner must be experienced, smaller, straight appearing, educated, discreet, without conscience conflict in these and related matters, over 25. No fems, fats, dopers, suicides. Box 258.

LOUISIANA

BATON ROUGE. S. Leo. 28. 5'10". 170. White, 8%. Knowledgeable. Good top man enjoys satisfying slave's real desires. Must be at least 8', masculine. Box 047W.

NEW ORLEANS. S. Gemini. 42. 6'1". 195. White, 6%. Knowledgeable. Total respect and obedience demanded. Box 305.

MARYLAND

ADELPHI/HYATTSVILLE. M. Aquarius. 40. 6'6". 235. Black, 10%. Novice. Bodybuilder seeks knowledgeable bodybuilder Master who respects him and will train. Under 45, white preferred. Must have sincere understanding of Leathersex. S&M, Box 227L.

BALTIMORE. MS. Sagittarius. 51. 6'. 175. White, 7%. Novice. Sincere, intelligent, discreet partner into leather. No heavy pain, drugs, fats, fems. Box 185E.

FREDERICK. S. Cancer. 30. 5'11". 160. White, 6%. Knowledgeable. Understanding, respectful Master, uses anatomy/physiology/psychology training to further the scene. Demanding but not unreasonable. Seeks geographically close over M 23 into bondage. No fems, long hairs, drugs, blacks, Box 294V.

HYATTSVILLE. M. Cancer. 49. 172. White, 8%. Knowledgeable. Good cock sucker for clean cut white partner who can take it easy. Must be sober and discreet. Box 125L.

SILVER SPRINGS. MS. Taurus. 50. 5'5". 170. White, 7%. Completely inexperienced. Likes hard but gentle sex with partner into Greek. Partner should be well-endowed and know how to use what he's got. No drugs, drunks. Box 121.

MASSACHUSETTS

BOYLSTON. M. Virgo. 26. 5'9". 160. White, 8%. Knowledgeable. Must be humiliated and forced into total submission by masculine, dominant partner to 45. Should be cut, geographically convenient. No fems, heavy masochism. Box 006.

BOSTON. SM. Scorpio. 47. 6'. 170. White, 7%. Knowledgeable. Hunky, experienced, imaginative stud seeks partner to 50 into W/S, B&D, preferably with suitable facilities and equipment. Box 067.

LEOMINSTER. MS. Pisces. 38. 5'9 1/2". 160. White, 6". Completely inexperienced but imaginative. Understanding, into bondage. Seeks clean, intelligent partner. Box 185X.

SANDISFIELD. M. Cancer. 46. 6'. 170. White, 8". Old hand. Tattooed cock. Pubic hair removed. No drugs. Box 290.

WELLESLEY HILLS. M. Leo. 30. 5'11". 210. White, 6%. Novice. Helpless, obedient Slave needs discreet, understanding Master up to 35. Must tolerate limits. No drugs. Box 192.

MICHIGAN

BAY CITY. M. Pisces. 25. 5'11". 170. White, 6". Completely inexperienced. Requires training by experienced S under 35. Box 045.

BERKLEY. S. Virgo. 33. 5'6". 135. White, 8%. Knowledgeable. Firm Master demands obedient experimental Slave. No balds, fats, dominatrix. Box 052D.

DETROIT. SM. Scorpio. 34. 5'10". 155. White, 6%. Cut. Reasonable Master equipped house; bondage; S&M a must. Box 340B.

FLINT. SM. Aquarius. 34. 6'. 230. White, 6%. Completely inexperienced. Discreet, will respect limits of compatible partner. Black preferred. No drugs, drunks. Box 051GS.

JACKSON. MS. Pisces. 39. 5'3". 135. White. Old hand. Cigarette smoker preferred. Box 209.

MARQUETTE. MS. Aries. 25. 6'1". 168. White, 7%. Completely inexperienced. Virgin ass. Will obey good teacher who is a real man and straight in appearance. No fems, drugs. Box 188F.

RIVERVIEW. M. Cancer. 26. 5'9 1/2". 165. Black, 8". Completely inexperienced. Willing, passive and eager to learn from dominant, take charge guy 30 to 50, 6' or over. Should be muscular. No passives. Box 044.

TAYLOR. MS. Capricorn. 24. 5'10". 165. White, 6%. Novice. Eager to learn from and submit to the right S. Will serve Master totally. Box 261.

MINNESOTA

** * **ST. PAUL.** M. Sagittarius. 39. 6'1". 165. White, 6%. Novice. Eager and willing to please firm, experienced, discreet, understanding Master to 45 who will respect limits. No fems, role-switching. Box 298.

ST. PAUL. S. Cancer. 49. 5'11". 180. White, 5%. Novice. Sincere cut partner with little or no body hair, large balls or only one ball, good ass. Box 373.

MISSOURI

COLUMBIA. SM. Gemini. 25. 5'11". 165. White, 5%. Novice. Leather/bondage enthusiast seeks straight-appearing partner who is discreet, will switch roles. Bikers, uniforms a plus. Wants contacts in Michigan, Indiana, Illinois. Missouri. No fems, beards, blabtans. Box 051H.

KANSAS CITY. S. Aries. 36. 5'11". 190. White, 8%. Knowledgeable, intelligent, imaginative. Seeks candidates interested in a total involvement who are truly submissive and enjoy pain, humiliation, discipline. Travels frequently to Omaha, Minneapolis, San Francisco, D.C., Dallas, Houston, Detroit, Atlanta, Denver, New Orleans, St. Louis, Salt Lake City. No one insensitive, indiscreet. Box 230P.

ST. LOUIS. M. Aquarius. 40. 6'2". 170. White, 8%. Novice. Handsome, has the capacity to enjoy and the desire to please a discreet partner to 41. Prefers uncut. Box 003.

ST. LOUIS. S. Leo. 31. 5'9". 210. White, 6%. Knowledgeable. Demands strict obedience; will punish any infraction with pain. Partner must have stamina, youthful appearance, can be to late 40s, Box 245.

MONTANA

SWEETGRASS. MS. Aquarius. 50. 6'1". 180. White, 6". Old hand. Collection of used cowboy/leather gear. No fems. Box 230.

NEBRASKA

WAYNE. M. Pisces. 34. 6'. 165. White, 6%. Novice. Seeks not-too-experienced cowboy type into bondage. Box 306.

NEW JERSEY

LINCOLN PARK. M. Capricorn. 52. 5'9 1/2". 159. White, 5%. Completely inexperienced. Wants hairy nipples action, W/S from burly S up to 40. Group scenes a real turn-on, No fats, slenders, smalls. Box 135M.

MORRISTOWN. M. Scorpio. 36. 6'2". 180. White, 6%. Novice. Smart dude seeks self-supporting, true Slave who will obey all orders at all times. Under 32. Box 291.

NEWARK. M. Aries. 33. 6'. 170. White, 7%. Knowledgeable. Black Master preferred but not essential. Wishes to please in any manner. Box 052Z.

NEW EGYPT. SM. Cancer. 21. 6'4". 150. White, 10%. Knowledgeable. Has played both roles, eager and curious to learn what he may have missed with knowledgeable, imaginative partner to 40. Must be masculine in appearance, actions. No glasses, acne, body odor, small endowments. Box 120.

NEW MEXICO

ALBUQUERQUE. M. Taurus. 23. 5'6". 150. White, 7%. Novice. Will obey relaxed, secure Master in all ways. Must have large endowment, interest in sports, outdoors preferred. No turkeys. Box 375.

NEW YORK

ALBANY. MS. Aries. 42. 5'8 1/2". 170. White, 8". Completely inexperienced. Very masculine. Wants to meet/correspond with white, masculine L/L guys to 45. Likes to be fucked and to please partner. Digs clean cut, mustache, large endowment. Box 290R.

ALBANY. S. Gemini/Taurus. 40. 6'2". 225. White, 7%. Knowledgeable. Wants straight-appearing who digs police scene. Box 311.

BRONX. M. Libra. 54. 5'11". 150. White, 5%. Knowledgeable. Has need and capacity to serve butch Master into uniforms, boots, breeches, etc. Prefers over 44, 5'10". No fats, heavy pain/torture trips, FF. Box 017.

BROOKLYN. S. Aquarius. 25. 6'3". 190. White, 6". Novice. Dominant dude seeks partner under 30 into Levi's, wrestling, occasional role-switching. No fems, fats, blacks. Box 125F.

CLAYTON. SM. Aquarius. 28. 5'7". 160. White, 5%. Completely inexperienced. Eager to learn from attractive, open-minded, discreet dude. No fems, fats, scat. Box 292.

COPIAQUE. SM. Scorpio. 47. 5'10". 165. White, 6%. Knowledgeable. Attractive, congenial, trustworthy, enjoys both roles. Partner must be attractive, trustworthy, clean, under 50, cut. No uncouth, hairy types in poor physical shape. Box 183.

FLUSHING. SM. Taurus. 43. 5'8". 180. White, 6". Knowledgeable. Biker into Leather/Levi's. Masculine scene seeks intelligent, butch partner. Will switch roles for right person. No fems, blacks. Box 052H.

GREENWICH VILLAGE. M. Gemini. 25. 6'. 150. White, 7%. Novice. Actor/playwright believes in worship of the male body. Partner must be highly intelligent, liberal, under 40, well-endowed. Box 302.

MT. VERNON. SM. Leo. 40. 6'. 175. White. Motorcycle and mounted police types in uniform only. Must be clean, masculine, no drugs or fats. Box 184D.

NEW YORK. M. Sagittarius. 31. 6'3". 165. White. 7%. Knowledgeable. Macho M wants FF from bearded and/or moustached S to 45. No fats, fags. Box 0717.

NEW YORK. S. Pisces. 32. 5'9". 145. White. 6%. Novice. Must be worshipped completely by imaginative M to 50. Will respect limits. Hairy a plus. No fats. Orientals. Box 086F.

NEW YORK. S. Scorpio. 45. 5'10". 173. White. Knowledgeable. Trustworthy, will respect limits of slim, well-built partner under 50. No fats, TVs, scat. Box 220.

NEW YORK. M. Sagittarius. 36. 5'7". 140. White. Bodybuilder seeks very thin black Master. Wants to be mentally dominated and humiliated into worshipping Master as Center of the Universe. Short and/or a younger a plus. Box 220M.

NEW YORK. S. Leo. 44. 6'1". 175. White. 8%. Knowledgeable. Police domination and discipline and bondage with leather gear. Will build pain tolerance in Slave. Limits respected. Box 127.

NEW YORK. S. Taurus. 44. 6". 170. White. 7%. Novice. Seeks dark, hairy slave with large uncircum. Must be knowledgeable, clean. Box 153P.

NEW YORK. SM. Virgo. 26. 6". 180. White. 7%. Knowledgeable. Sober dude gets off on mutual oral sex with over-sexed, well-hressed partner under 55. No fems, youths. Box 168K.

NEW YORK. M. Libra. 5'5". 180. White. 6%. Novice. Will submit totally to patient, respectful, persistent Master into heavy S&M, C&B work, uniforms, whips. No scat, blacks, true brutality. Box 184G.

NEW YORK. SM. Capricorn. 21. 5'8". 120. White. 6%. Completely inexperienced. Seeks masculine, straight-acting, straight, appearing partner to 40. No fems. Box 262.

NEW YORK. M. Taurus. 36. 5'9". 145. White. 6%. Novice. Seeking masculine partner with large, thick cock or someone into FF. No fats. Body hair a plus. Box 282.

NEW YORK. S. Gemini. 45. 5'11". 150. White. Old hand. Skilled. Well-known whip Master also into mutual Leathersex with boot and uniform buddy. Action wanted/guaranteed. No J/O phone calls, correspondence, fems, fats, heavy drinkers. Box 294.

NEW YORK. M. Pisces. 29. 5'10". 140. White. 6%. Knowledgeable. Will serve, obey and satisfy completely a truly masculine Master. Digs uniforms, rough, macho image. Box 232D.

NEW YORK. M. Libra. Mid 50s. 6'3". 165. White. 6%. White-haired man of distinction will serve real male, any age, who fantasizes beating Daddy's ass, fucking his professor, passing into his priest, making the boss suck his ass, etc. No fats or fanatics. Box 290X.

NEW YORK. Leo. 47. 5'8". 150. White. 6%. Pain, S&M not necessary to sexual activity but strongly attracted to the heavy masculine overtones of the scene. Box 312.

NEW YORK. M. Pisces. 33. 5'7". 135. White. 6%. Novice. Craves domination, restraint, rough treatment from handsome, knowledgeable Master under 40. No heavy drugs, drunks. Box 370.

NEW YORK. M. Aquarius. 36. 5'8". 136. White. 7%. Knowledgeable. Must have intense masculine domination and bondage from man 40-55. Box 707.

NEW YORK. S. Taurus. 35. 5'9". 155. White. 7%. Knowledgeable. Super S gets off on satisfying hunky, very sexual partner through B&D, humiliation, etc. Should have good balls and ass. No fems. Box 056.

NEW YORK. M. Taurus. 46. 6". 175. White. 9%. Novice. Seeks masculine partner into golden showers, beating, chains, humiliation. Box 059G.

NEW YORK. M. Cancer. 38. 6'2". White. 6%. Intermediate. Weightlifter with 46" chest, 34" waist wants to expand experiences with clean, masculine S over 5'5". Box 023.

NEW YORK. S. Gemini. 45. 6'4". 190. White. 8%. Knowledgeable. Will dominate, control, train discreet, employed slave who lives alone. No fems, fats. Bodybuilder preferred, under 50. Box 061.

NEW YORK. S. Capricorn. 40. 5'10". 150. White. 8%. Knowledgeable. Will humiliate and dominate partner with fetish for uniforms, breeches, boots. Fetishes and complete slavery a must. Box 068.

WOODMERE. S. Cancer. 55. 5'9". 180. White. 5%. Novice. Has vast leather equipment collection to turn on a biker M into Leathersex. Visiting California September-October, wants to meet slave, No drugs, fems, drunks, role-switching, FF, B&D. Box 147.

OHIO

AKRON. SM. Sagittarius. 39. 6'2". 165. White. 8%. Knowledgeable. N.E. Ohio, Richmond, Atlanta areas. Seeks versatility and enthusiasm. Box 154.

CLEVELAND. SM. Sagittarius. 30. 5'11". 165. White. 6%. Novice. Good-looking, masculine dude wants to learn both roles from novice or patient, knowledgeable, clean partner to 40. No drugs, blacks. Box 052E.

COLUMBUS. MS. Libra. 26. 5'11". 185. White. 8%. Completely inexperienced. Wishes to learn from intelligent, masculine partner to 35 who will respect limits. No violence, mutilation, fems. Box 132T.

COLUMBUS. S. Cancer. 29. 5'11". 180. White. 7%. Novice. Will please and respect limits of swarthy, muscular partner. Must be clean, hairy preferred. No fems. Box 197.

COLUMBUS. SM. Taurus. 25. 5'9". 150. White. 6%. Knowledgeable. Seeks stable, cut partner under 31. No fems, fats, hippies. Box 304.

COLUMBUS. S. Virgo. 37. 5'9". 183. White. 6%. Novice. Satisfaction guaranteed to sincere, straight appearing butch types. No fems, fats, snobs, chicken. Box 365.

DAYTON. SM. Virgo. 30. 5'7". 185. White. 6%. Experienced. Eager to share scene and friendship with honest, intelligent partner under 40. No hard drugs, fems, fats. Box 123.

MASSILLON. M. Libra. 35. 6'12". 215. White. 7%. Completely inexperienced. Willing to serve and eager to please clean, well-muscled Master to 45. No filth, hard drugs. Box 165P.

MIDDLETON. M. Gemini. 44. 6'11". 150. White. 7%. Novice. Leather boot fetishist seeks partner 35 to 50. No torture. Box 070P.

PITTSBURGH. M. Cancer. 39. 5'9". 150. White. 7%. Knowledgeable. Into golden showers. Prefers police, leather, cowboy types. No fats, fags, blacks, under 8". Box 385.

DAYTON. SM. Virgo. 30. 5'7". 185. White. 6%. Experienced. Eager to share scene and friendship with honest, intelligent partner under 40. No hard drugs, fems, fats. Box 123.

MIDDLETON. M. Gemini. 44. 6'11". 150. White. 7%. Novice. Leather boot fetishist seeks partner 35 to 50. No torture. Box 070P.

PITTSBURGH. M. Cancer. 39. 5'9". 150. White. 7%. Knowledgeable. Into golden showers. Prefers police, leather, cowboy types. No fats, fags, blacks, under 8". Box 385.

PORTLAND. S. Scorpio. 32. 6". 175. White. 8%. Knowledgeable. Looking for young, true slave willing to serve and be owned fully for life. Must be uncouth and hung. Box 064.

PORTLAND. S. Pisces. 43. 6'1". 145. White. 6%. Knowledgeable. Trustworthy. Wants Slave for prolonged B&D for head and body training. Beginner OK. No fems, fats, diapers, quickies. Box 187J.

PENNSYLVANIA

BUCKS COUNTY. M. Taurus. 48. 6". 145. White. 6%. Knowledgeable. Wants relationship with clean, intelligent man with leather tastes. No hardcore S&M, drugs, fats, blacks. Box 252G.

HARRISBURG. M. Scorpio. 40. 6". 163. White. 6%. Novice. Needs discipline and bondage. Box 319.

LANCASTER. MS. Scorpio. 36. 6". 195. White. 8%. Completely inexperienced. Wants to learn both roles and Leathersex from knowledgeable, understanding partner to 45. Who respects limits, no skinnies, fats. Must be cut. Box 076.

MAIN LINE PHILADELPHIA. MS. Leo. 47. 5'7". 145. White. 7%. Knowledgeable. Seeks sincere, straight-appearing Master, 27 to 50. No fats or blacks. Moustaches a real turn-on. Box 296G.

PHILADELPHIA. M. Libra. 49. 5'10". 140. White. 8%. Completely inexperienced. Willing and eager to learn from refined, well-built partner to 50. Box 052F.

PHILADELPHIA. SM. Pisces. 49. 5'11". 175. White. Will train Slave to worship Master's leather and naked body. No dopers. Box 088T.

PHILADELPHIA. M. Aries. 25. 6". 160. White. 6%. Military scene. Must be honest, intelligent. No crazies, scat, drugs. Box 125J.

PHILADELPHIA. M. Aries. 26. 5'10". 180. White. 6%. Knowledgeable. Willing and subservient for level headed partner under 30. Must be cut. Black preferred. Box 186.

PHILADELPHIA. S. Aquarius. 46. 5'9". 165. White. 7%. Knowledgeable. Masculine S seeks M under 35 into B&D, oil, leather, Lewis, any. Send photo and phone number. Box 209.

PITTSBURGH. M. Virgo. 60. 6". 165. White. 7%. Old hand. Thirty years' experience in first class servitude. Not into heavy S&M but can provide young slaves for Masters' stronger desires. Box 205G.

READING. SM. Cancer. 43. 6". 160. White. 6%. Novice. Enjoy's bondage. Respects limits. Dominant, but will switch for right partner. Must be cut. Box 051B.

WAYNE. MS. Leo. 47. 5'7". 145. White. 7%. Semi-knowledgeable. Willing to learn more from sincere, straight-appearing, respectful Master 30 to 50. Moustaches a turn-on. No fems, fats, blacks. Box 296G.

WEST CHESTER. SM. Taurus. 30. 5'4". 130. White. 5%. Novice. Respectful, honest, helpful Master seeks solid, clean, affectionate partner to 35. Must be cut. Hairy chest, tattoos a turn-on. No fats, fags, Virgos, heavy drugs, drinkers. Box 318.

WILKES-BARRE. S. Cancer. 40. 6". 170. White. 7%. Old hand. Extensive military experience, specialist in military/police discipline and training, builds torture equipment to order. Seeks masculine partners interested in fantasy scenes or totally satisfying the Master's needs. Will train willing beginners. No fems, fats. Box 055.

YORK. M. Cancer. 28. 5'8". 220. White. Will completely serve S to 35 who will dominate verbally, mentally, physically. Prefers someone nearby into verbal humiliation, slave and dog training. Box 184H.

RHODE ISLAND

PROVIDENCE. SM. Gemini. 55. 5'10". 148. White. 5%. Novice. Seeks local contacts under 50. No fats, hard drugs. Box 327.

SOUTH DAKOTA

SIOUX FALLS. M. Gemini. 27. 5'9". 150. White. 7%. Novice. Submissive, aims to please. Seeking dominant partner or cowboy type to 30. No fems, passives. Box 263.

TENNESSEE

CHATTANOOGA. SM. Pisces. 45. 5'10". 200. White. 7%. Old hand. Versatile. Into enemies, creative bondage and toys with genuine, honest partner to 55. Box 134.

COLLIERVILLE. S. Leo. 33. 5'11". 165. White. 7%. Novice. Must be butch and muscular. Box 086.

* * * **LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN.** S. Aquarius. 54. 6". 155. White. 6". Old hand. Ex-motorcycle cop-military man has extensive collection to please small, neat, clean, white slave to 50 with boot and breech fetish. No fats, role-switching, drugs, mutilation, scat, drunks. Box 295U.

MEMPHIS. MS. Aquarius. 37. 6'2". 180. White, 65%. Novice. Travels extensively. Will experiment under dominant partner. Box 140.

MEMPHIS. SM. Scorpio. 30. 5'10". 155. White. 65%. Completely inexperienced. Enthusiastic, impulsive. Wishes to learn from partner to teach. Under 36. Box 187X.

SIGNAL MOUNTAIN. SM. Aquarius. 55. 6'5". 230. White, 5%. Old hand. Seeks a true masochist who wants and needs to feel pain to limits. No drugs, drunks, blacks, chicken. Box 218.

TEXAS

AUSTIN. M. Aries. 30. 6'1". 155. White, 65%. Buckin' bronco needs horny, endowed, trim, muscular, Levi Jock-stud to 25 to ride long and hard and provide instruction in muscle worship and body service. Box 294V8.

DALLAS. S. Aries. 42. 5'8". 130. White, 74%. Old hand. Handsome stud respects limits. No fats. Must be masculine appearing, acting. Box 049.

DALLAS. S. Aries. 39. 5'11". 190. White, 65%. Old hand. Sixth generation Master demands an M who knows his place. No fats, hippies. Box 137.

FORT WORTH. M. Leo. 50. 6'1". 150. White. Completely inexperienced. Wishes to be of use to and provide enjoyment for partner who will help him to realize his fantasies. No fat or indiscreet persons. Box 252D.

HOUSTON. SM. Cancer. 42. 6". 145. White, 7%. Knowledgeable. Seeks partner who is over-sexed, respectful, into FF and W/S and is orally oriented. No heavy pain. Willing to switch roles. Box 183.

HOUSTON. M. Leo. 35. 5'10". 155. White, 65%. Knowledgeable. Wishes to please a skillful, positive Master and expand experience. Can switch for right person. No permanent relationships, fats. Box 161.

SAN ANTONIO. M. Aries. 31. 5'10". 160. White, 6". Novice. Enjoys sex with and domination by a real stud to 40. Must be well-endowed, over 6' tall. No drugs. Box 296.

VIRGINIA

ARLINGTON. S. Capricorn. 30. 6'2". 155. White, 8%. Knowledgeable. True top man seeks honest, discreet, passive partner into definite pain trip. Muscular, hairy if possible. Spends summers in Wildwood, New Jersey. No fats, hard drugs. Box 047L.

*** **NORFOLK.** SM. Cancer. 43. 5'6". 140. White, 7%. Novice. Dominant but considerate leather-lover and bike owner seeks sincere, honest, discreet partner to 40. No fats, fms, phonies, dopes. Box 185S.

RICHMOND. S. Leo. 52. 5'9". 172. White, 9%. Old hand. Wants true lover of Levis, high boots, riding britches. Cycle owner preferred. Box 400.

WASHINGTON

SEATTLE. MS. Libra. 32. 6'11". 185. White, 7%. Knowledgeable. Adaptable, sincere, open-minded, honest, seeks same to 55 for possible permanent relationship. Law enforcement types a turn-on. Must be able to travel. No blacks, drunks, heavy drugs, one-way types. Box 125N.

TACOMA. SM. Libra. 52. 5'10". 240. White, 7%. Completely inexperienced. Virgin ass. Sincere, genuine, honest. Friendship more important than sex. No limits, no turn-offs. Box 181X.

TACOMA. SM. Capricorn. 35. 6'2 1/2". 190. White, 7%. Novice. Wants to learn both roles from clean, knowledgeable partner. Owns new Harley and prefers bike owner. No fats, fms, Box 185G.

WISCONSIN

WATERFOWL. S. Libra. 27. 6". 175. White, 7%. Novice. Will satisfy needs of mutually honest, understanding partner. Into W/S, B&D, humiliation, public exhibition. No heavy drugs, sexist types. Box 130W.

AUSTRALIA

MELBOURNE. VICTORIA. S. Taurus. 34. 5'8". 154. White, 7". Knowledgeable. Digs breeches, boots, cycle police. Wants correspondence with breather/leather guys. Box 062.

CANADA

EDMONTON. ALBERTA. S. Cancer. 30. 5'6". 130. White, 65%. Knowledgeable. Headed, imaginative, will respect limits of dude heavy into ass work. No role-switching. Box 131.

EDMONTON. ALBERTA. M. Scorpio. 32. 5'8". 168. White, 8%. Completely inexperienced. Hunky dude needs leather and male superiority from experienced, goodlooking bodybuilder type to 40 willing to train. No violence, fats, insensitive, unclear. Box 308.

PORT ALBERNI, BRITISH COLUMBIA. M. Pisces. 42. 5'7". 142. White, 6". Knowledgeable. Experienced and obedient, willing to service and please. Leather Master. Into B&D, W/S. Black a real turn-on. No fms, fats. Box 048L.

WEST VANCOUVER, BRITISH COLUMBIA. SM. Warlock host offers vacation accommodations in totally dedicated S&M home to masculine male stallions, any race, and their Slaves. Box 011.

DOWNSVIEW, ONTARIO. SM. Capricorn. 25. 5'8". 135. White, 7". Will do anything to or for a real motorcycle cop, MP, state trooper or cowboy type. White, clean, non-smoker preferred. No drugs. Box 285.

OTTAWA, ONTARIO. MS. Aquarius. 27. 5'11". 165. White, 6". Knowledgeable. Prefers Master into heavy bondage, tit work, etc. Box 070X.

OTTAWA, ONTARIO. SM. Aquarius. 40. 5'11". 175. White, 5 1/2%. Knowledgeable. Prefers considerate, intelligent, bodybuilder type over 25. Box 024.

TORONTO, ONTARIO. MS. Capricorn. 23. 5'7". 120. White, 6". Completely inexperienced. Needs experienced, forgiving teacher under 30 in Toronto. Box 074.

TORONTO, ONTARIO. M. Libra. 31. 5'8". 145. White, 6%. Novice. Intelligent, flexible, obedient, strong libido. Wishes to learn from mentally/physically dominant, hunky masculine partner to 45. Box 163.

TORONTO, ONTARIO. M. Leo. 37. 5'10". 156. White, 7%. Knowledgeable. Enjoys being completely dominated by aggressive, stocky S over 30. No fms, scat. Box 157T.

MONTREAL, QUEBEC. M. Virgo. 28. 5'7". 150. White, 7%. Old hand. Docile boot-slave and expert bootlicker will lick your boots clean. French kiss, suck, mouth massage and polish them to a high gloss. Boots are made to be licked and sucked constantly by boot-slaves on the big, sweaty, smelly feet of cycle cops, firemen, SS boot-Masters, bikers, spurred rodeo cowboys, fishermen, road and construction workers. Keep a slave very busy. Put his tongue and mouth to work on your Masterful boots and those of your friends and working companions. Try me and see the results. Box 053.

MONTREAL, QUEBEC. M. Capricorn. 27. 5'8". 130. White, 65%. Knowledgeable. Wants sadistic Master(s) to expand limits. Into S&M, scat, W/S, TT, toys, drugs, beer, poppers. Muscles in tight leather and group scene a real turn-on. Often visits U.S. Box 157N.

MONTREAL, QUEBEC. S. Aries. 30. 5'11". 160. White, 9%. Old hand. Will respect and expand limits of willing slave to 40 who likes pain, games, B&D. No fms, fats. Box 318T.

ENGLAND

ISLE OF MAN. M. Sagittarius. 52. 6". 214. White, 5%. Novice. Turned on by bondage, boxing gloves, hoods, rubber, W/S. Seeks firm, trusting non-butch Master. Eager to try new toys, positions, grease, poppers, chain bondage. Box 152T.

LONDON. M. Leo. 29. 5'11". 154. White, 7%. Knowledgeable. Needs to be taught respect and beaten into passive ways. Box 060X.

LONDON. S. Pisces. 36. 6'2". 179. White, 9%. Knowledgeable. Hunky Eurasian into FF, W/S, bondage, scats, clean partner 24 to 30. Should be muscular, hairy. Tattoos a turn-on. Box 071B.

LONDON. S. Aquarius. 47. 5'9 1/2". 175. White, 7". Old hand. Must be able to meet partner with similar enjoyment of the S&M experience. Occasionally travels to New York, Maryland, D.C., California. No scat. Box 149.

LONDON. SM. Scorpio. 30. 6". 180. White, 8%. Completely inexperienced. Has strong, dominant character required of S; needs to learn M role. Wants slim, muscular, smooth-bodied partner to 25. Box 228.

HOLLAND

THE HAGUE. SM. Pisces. 31. 5'11 1/2". 145. White, 9%. Knowledgeable. Into whipping, B&D, FF, W/S, enemas. Possible permanent relationship with masculine partner. Visits USA twice a year. Box 295M.

SWEDEN

SOLNA. M. Cancer. 30. 5'8 1/2". 132. White, 65%. Novice. Seeks knowledgeable, masculine partner to 45. Can switch but prefers M role. Box 228M.

WEST GERMANY

FRANKFURT. MS. Leo. 32. 6". 175. White, 9%. Knowledgeable. American abroad will service Slaves/Masters passing through. Gang fuck can be arranged. No fms, fats. Under 40 only. Limits respected. Box 185K.

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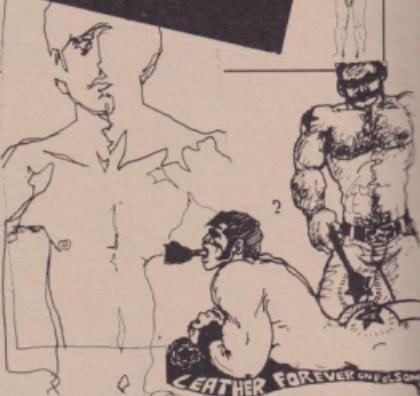
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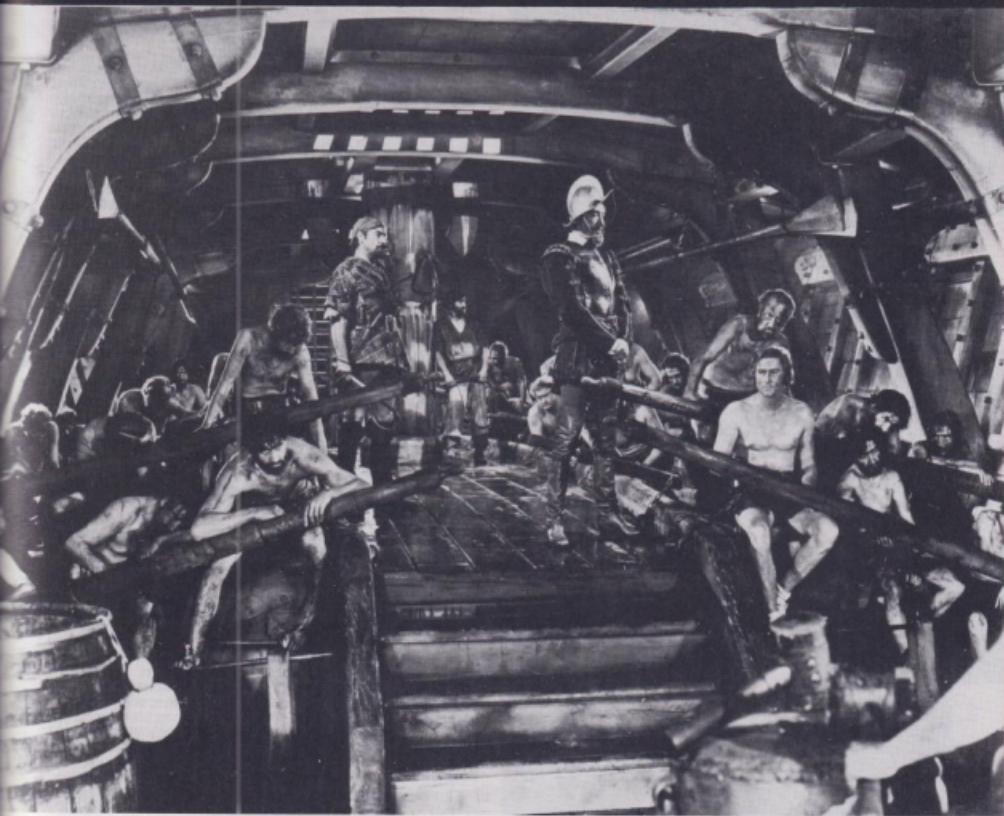
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MARITIME TORTURES

Of all the tortures inflicted on men during the course of film history, whipping across the back easily qualifies as the most popular. This type of punishment has, of course, been commonly used until quite recently by virtually all forms of human society, but the movies' fondness for flogging scenes probably involves a variety of factors unrelated to historical precedents.

For one thing, whipping allows the victim to retain his dignity, and since most movie tortures are inflicted on leading men playing heroic roles, this image of the suffering martyr must be suitably maintained. After all, audiences may be willing to see their male idols writhe in agony, but they don't want them to appear ridiculous in the process.

For another thing, flogging permits the gallant victim to strip to the waist — thus providing one of those sweaty "beefcake" poses which look so enticing on movie posters and in

Errol Flynn (the one with the clean torso) pulls his weight on board a Spanish galleon in *The Sea Hawk* (1940).

movie ads. What's more, the flogging victim can be bound in a way that his bare chest is as visible to the camera as his bleeding back, and many film-makers relish this opportunity to show off an actor's well-muscled physique.

Whipping also has the advantage of being such a "clean" and "respectable" means of punishment that censors usually approve. Its inclusion even in movies designed for family audiences. More perverse forms of torture, particularly those centered on the victim's genitals, understandably receive less exposure.

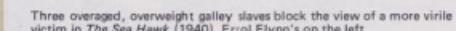
Finally, snapping a whip across a man's bare back offers both visible and audible evidence of suffering. Whereas some tortures are bloodless and silent (such as those involving drug injections or electric shocks), flogging presents the audience with not only the sound of the whip cracking menacingly across the victim's wincing skin but also with the sight of



Captain Rhys Williams doesn't appear to be overly concerned about the young seaman lying at his feet in *Tyrant of the Sea* (1949).



A medical background comes in handy for Errol Flynn as he examines the wounds of Ross Alexander in *Captain Blood* (1935).



Three overaged, overweight galley slaves block the view of a more virile victim in *The Sea Hawk* (1940). Errol Flynn's on the left.



this skin dripping blood from a series of horizontal slash marks. Few other tortures can fulfill the movies' demand for visual and aural impact as well as this one.

Although bare-chested men have been flogged in movies ranging in settings from Biblical times to the present day, one film genre has consistently featured vivid representations of this type of punishment. The genre in question covers those movies made about the British navy in the era of the great sailing ships — from the early 1700s to the early 1800s — and despite a few inevitable variations, the flogging scenes in these movies follow a remarkably similar pattern.

More often than not, the victim proves to be a young sailor who's violated some minor rule of the naval code. This sailor, stripped to the waist and sweating under a tropical sun, stands dejectedly on the deck of the ship while his captain reads to the assembled crew the nature of the man's crime and the severity of his punishment. Then two of the sailor's shipmates bind him to the mast or to a vertical grate so that the flogging can begin.

The man with the whip, usually a burly and anonymous seaman, takes aim with his cat-o'-nine-tails and then smashes it across the back of the vulnerable victim. The victim arches his body in pain and lets out a sudden gasp, but otherwise remains silent.

As the flogging continues for the allotted one or two dozen lashes — movies never have the patience to show, say, six dozen lashes — the camera moves away from the actual flogging to reveal the varied expressions on the crew's faces as they witness their comrade's punishment. Some of them look upon the scene with pity or dread or revulsion, but a few seem to take a sadistic satisfaction in seeing a man's quivering flesh sliced to bleeding ribbons. The sound of the cracking whip, of course, continues throughout this sequence.

After the assigned number of blows has been struck, a crewman cuts down the slumping, half-unconscious victim while a second man revives the punished sailor by pouring a bucket of salt water over his bleeding back.

The use of color obviously enhances the impact of flogging sequences, and fortunately most movies made about "the high seas" since the mid-1940s have been photographed in one of the various color processes. However, while black-and-white scenes of bloody torsos usually lack the intended effectiveness, several notable examples of maritime punishments from the era of monochrome movies deserve mention.

MGM's 1935 version of *Mutiny on the Bounty*, for example, begins with a scene showing how the British navy of the late 1700s employed torture as a deterrent to rebellion. A mutinous sailor, sentenced to receive not just several dozen but rather several hundred lashes, must be transported from ship to ship in the fleet so each crew can witness the malcontent suffer under a portion of his allotted punishment. The authorities carry out this punishment in an open boat specifically fitted with a whipping post, but when this boat with its shirtless prisoner pulls alongside the ship in the opening reel of *Mutiny on the Bounty*, the officer in charge suddenly realizes the condemned sailor has just died as an apparent result of one of his earlier floggings. The officer calls up to the captain of the ship for instructions which might cover this unusual situation. The captain shrugs his shoulders and advises him to carry out the punishment as scheduled — even if it means the whiplashes will cut into the flesh of a corpse. After all, the example this flogging will set for the assembled crew counts for more than the pain supposed to be suffered by the criminal seaman.

Although this brief and cautiously staged episode suffers from its black-and-white format (as do several later floggings which occur on board the *Bounty*), it does illustrate an important point about maritime lashings, one usually ignored by film-makers. Sea captains often ordered a sailor to suffer so many blows with a whip that death would obviously result if all these blows were administered during a single punishment session. Therefore, it became common practice for a condemned sailor to suffer his flogging in installments of, say, forty or fifty lashes at a time with several days of recuperation allowed between each whipping. Some observers have reported that seeing a cat-o'-nine-tails rake across the unmarked back of a victim couldn't equal the horror of witnessing a lash slice open the half-healed welts of a man who'd already suffered an earlier flogging.

Captain Blood, the 1935 adventure which conferred star-

dom on Errol Flynn, presents an on-land torture of a seafaring man. It seems this sailor (Ross Alexander) has been thrown into a Jamaican prison ruled by a dictatorial warden (Lionel Atwell) who makes frequent use of the whipping post in the prison yard. As punishment for some infraction, the warden clamps this bare-chested sailor's wrists to the T-shaped post and then bloodies his back with a series of blows from a long switch. Flynn, playing an unjustly condemned doctor, intercedes on behalf of the beaten man and is rewarded for his charity by being forced to take the victim's place. Instead of binding Flynn facing the post, however, the warden positions him so his switch will cut into the doctor's face and chest.

Unfortunately, the sound of pirate cannon interrupts this sadistic merriment; but in any case, the use of black-and-white photography coupled with the curious decision to let Errol Flynn keep his shirt on already relegates this sequence to minor status.

The lack of color also restrains the sadistic aura of Errol Flynn's 1940 epic, *The Sea Hawk*, in which he appears at one point as a bare-chested galley slave on board a Spanish war ship. At least the sound of a whip cracking over all those sweaty backs has the same effect in black-and-white as in color, and at least Errol Flynn's 31-year-old physique shows no signs here of its later dissipation.

Alan Ladd undergoes a lashing in Paramount's black-and-white version of *Two Years Before the Mast* (1946). Although a small man by Hollywood's heroic standards — barely 5'6" tall — Ladd's quiet, passive nature makes his suffering under the whip more satisfying to many viewers than that displayed by the dashing and debonair Errol Flynn.

(One of the promotional gimmicks suggested for *Two Years Before the Mast* required cutting out from the movie's poster an outline of Alan Ladd getting a taste of "the cat" across his bare back. Theater owners were urged to mount this outline on heavy cardboard, rub it with olive oil to make the blood-streaked "skin" gleam, and then exhibit it in their lobbies under a red spotlight.)

The use of color enhances a flogging scene which occurs in the final reel of *The World in His Arms* (1952). Gregory Peck, cast as the brawny captain of a 19th century sealing ship, falls into enemy hands when he comes courting a Russian princess (Ann Blythe) who's reluctantly touring the Czar's Alaskan territories. To punish his insolence, Russian guards bind Peck's wrists to the mantel of an ornate fireplace so he's well positioned for a sound back-lashing. After ripping open the back of the captain's shirt — always a dramatic gesture, though never as satisfying as stripping a victim to the waist — one of the guards snaps his whip across Peck's exposed skin. Unfortunately, the meddlesome and soft-hearted Miss Blythe cuts short this punishment before much damage can be inflicted, and also unfortunately, there's no fire in the fireplace to add to Peck's discomfort. (Imagine the sparks from a roaring fire burning into a man's chest while a bullwhip rips open his back!) Cold War historians, however, may note the villains in *The World in His Arms* are Russians and not, as would have been the case in the 1940s, Germans or Japanese.

The sailor writhing under the lash in the opening scene of *Against All Flags* (1952) proves to be none other than Errol Flynn, this time playing a British naval officer who's volunteered to infiltrate a pirate stronghold in order to report on its fortifications. As a "cover story," Flynn will claim to be a disgruntled navy veteran who's fallen on hard times and who's angry at being dishonorably discharged from the service. To lend credence to his story, Flynn volunteers to undergo a lashing which will leave convincing scars on his previously unmarked back.

The lashing, while performed in glorious Technicolor, should have been directed against a younger specimen for maximum effect — Errol Flynn being an old-looking 42 at the time — but *Against All Flags* compensates for this shortcoming by including a later torture scene involving a strappingly built sailor played by John Alderson. Alderson, stripped to the waist and suspended by his wrists from a horizontal pole, watches in dread as a pirate interrogator picks up a hot coal with a pair of tongs and prepares to press its scorching heat into his victim's sweaty, vulnerable flesh. Before the inevitable puff of smoke emanates from the burned skin, however, and before the gallant sailor tries to bury his



One of Errol Flynn's "beefcake" poses from *The Sea Hawk* (1940). Apparently not all galley slaves resemble those bony wretches found in cartoons.



Pirate cannons interrupt Lionel Atwell before he can make proper use of that switch on Errol Flynn in 1935's *Captain Blood*.



James Mason, complete with bowler hat and parrot, presides over one of those life-is-cheap-in-the-Orient scenes from *Lord Jim* (1956).



Ann Blythe saves Gregory Peck a lot of blood and pain by calling a halt to his whipping in *The World in His Arms* (1952).

A youthful-looking Rock Hudson finds himself in a bind in 1953's *Sea Devils*. (If his captors run out of rope, they can always use that bandana.)

Alan Ladd contemplates his imminent flogging in *Botany Bay* (1953). That's James Mason in the foreground.



scream of agony behind a wall of clenched teeth, Errol Flynn comes charging to the rescue.

Like Flynn, Alan Ladd gets a chance to bleed in color during the course of that 1953 film, *Botany Bay*. While being transported to the newly established penal colony in Australia, Ladd incurs the wrath of ship's captain James Mason who orders him tied and flogged as an example to his fellow convicts. The look of stoic endurance on Ladd's face as the whip cuts into his naked back provides *Botany Bay* with one of its two sadistic highpoints.

The other highpoint comes when the cruel captain orders Ladd and another prisoner to be keelhauling — an extremely painful and sometimes fatal punishment. (Keelhauling consists of dragging the victim completely under the bottom of a ship by means of ropes tied to his wrists and ankles. Some men drowned during the process while others bled to death or suffered disfiguring injuries when they were scraped along those rough, barnacle-encrusted hulls.) Incidentally, Ladd survives this ordeal.

(An example of the tortures which await all transported felons in those Australian penal colonies may be found in a 1972 movie which, regrettably, can be seen in America only on TV's late show. Titled *Adam's Woman*, this movie flashes its opening credits against the scene of a prison guard brutally flogging a hirsute young inmate played by Beau Bridges. What distinguishes this whipping is its generous use of flowing blood. The make-up crew on *Adam's Woman*, not content to trace a few red welts across Bridges' back, have turned this portion of the victim's anatomy into a gruesome sheet of crimson.)

While this kind of keelhauling shown in *Botany Bay* occurred frequently enough in the British navy to avoid being classed as a rarity, movies have generally avoided depicting it. For one thing, keelhauling is much more difficult to stage than a simple whipping. Furthermore, keelhauling disappoints viewers by keeping its victim out of camera range during most of its ordeal.

A banner year for maritime floggings in the movies was 1962. First of all, a British movie titled *H.M.S. Defiant* in England (renamed *Damn the Defiant!* in America) shows how a sailor must pay for impulsively raising his clenched fist to an officer. This officer, played with appropriate malice by Dirk Bogarde, orders six dozen lashes for the sailor, and he's angered when the captain (Alec Guinness) reduces the sentence to a "mere" two dozen blows. In any event, 24 lashes prove quite sufficient to break the body and spirit of the young sailor who's spread-eagled to a vertical grate in full view of the assembled crew. This time two floggers are used to carry out the punishment, and their whips cut across the victim's unprotected back with a rapidity which keeps the sailor in a constant state of fear and pain. The sailor's knees begin to buckle under the onslaught and by the time the flogging's completed, he's slumped half-unconscious in his bonds, his weight supported by the ropes around his wrists. A bucket of salt water sloshed over his bleeding back cruelly revives him to the point where he can walk away from his ordeal — weak but still uncomplaining.

This sequence from *Damn the Defiant!* should please those who prefer their torture victims to be young, slimly built males since Johnny Briggs, who plays the part of the punished seaman, has a boyish, innocent air about him.

Terence Stamp, playing the title role in *Billy Budd* (1962), also projects an appealingly youthful quality which evil Robert Ryan can't destroy despite repeated blows of the whip. The flogging scenes in *Billy Budd*, however — unlike that in *Damn the Defiant!* — must not only bear the handicap of black-and-white photography but also the allegorical approach of director Peter Ustinov who sees in the hero's torn and shirtless back more symbolism than suffering.

The sadistic climax of 1962's trilogy of sea movies — indeed, it probably ranks as the screen's finest example of maritime torture — occurs in MGM's budget-busting remake of *Mutiny on the Bounty*. It seems that Captain Bligh (Trevor Howard) has discovered the shortage of a cheese from his ship's stores, and when a sailor's impudent enough to suggest the captain might be responsible for this loss, Bligh orders the guilty party to be given two dozen lashes.

On the hot, sunny deck of the Bounty, an assembled crew watches as the bare-chested sailor (Richard Harris) is bound by the wrists to a vertical grate. The flogger (Percy Herbert)



Flogging as a cure for obesity seems to be the order of the day in *Fury at Sea* (1949) — also known as *This Woman Is Mine*.



The victim's not exactly writhing in agony in this scene from *The Great Adventures of Captain Kidd* (1953).

checks the strands of his whip and then crashes it against the back of his comrade. The punished man gasps in shock and pain, but apparently his agony isn't enough to satisfy the captain. Bligh orders his flogger to lay on with a heavier hand or else he'll be made to take the place of the suffering sailor.

The whipping continues with persuasive ferocity through all two dozen lashes, giving audiences a reasonably detailed and accurate account of the kind of punishment once common in the British navy. The makers of *Mutiny on the Bounty*, with its huge budget and epic running time, obviously had the opportunity to stage this sequence with all the advantages of color, 70 millimeter film and stereophonic sound, but much of the success here must be credited to Richard Harris whose virile, muscular physique never looked better than while flinching under Captain Bligh's lash.

A 1967 remake of *Against All Flags*, titled *The King's Pirate*, cast Doug McClure in the old Errol Flynn role and, like Flynn, McClure must suffer under the lash in order to



An out-of-shape Errol Flynn gets whipped into shape by an enthusiastic flogger in *Against All Flags* (1952).



Percy Herbert lays one of twenty-four lashes on Richard Harris in MGM's lavish remake of *Mutiny on the Bounty* (1962).

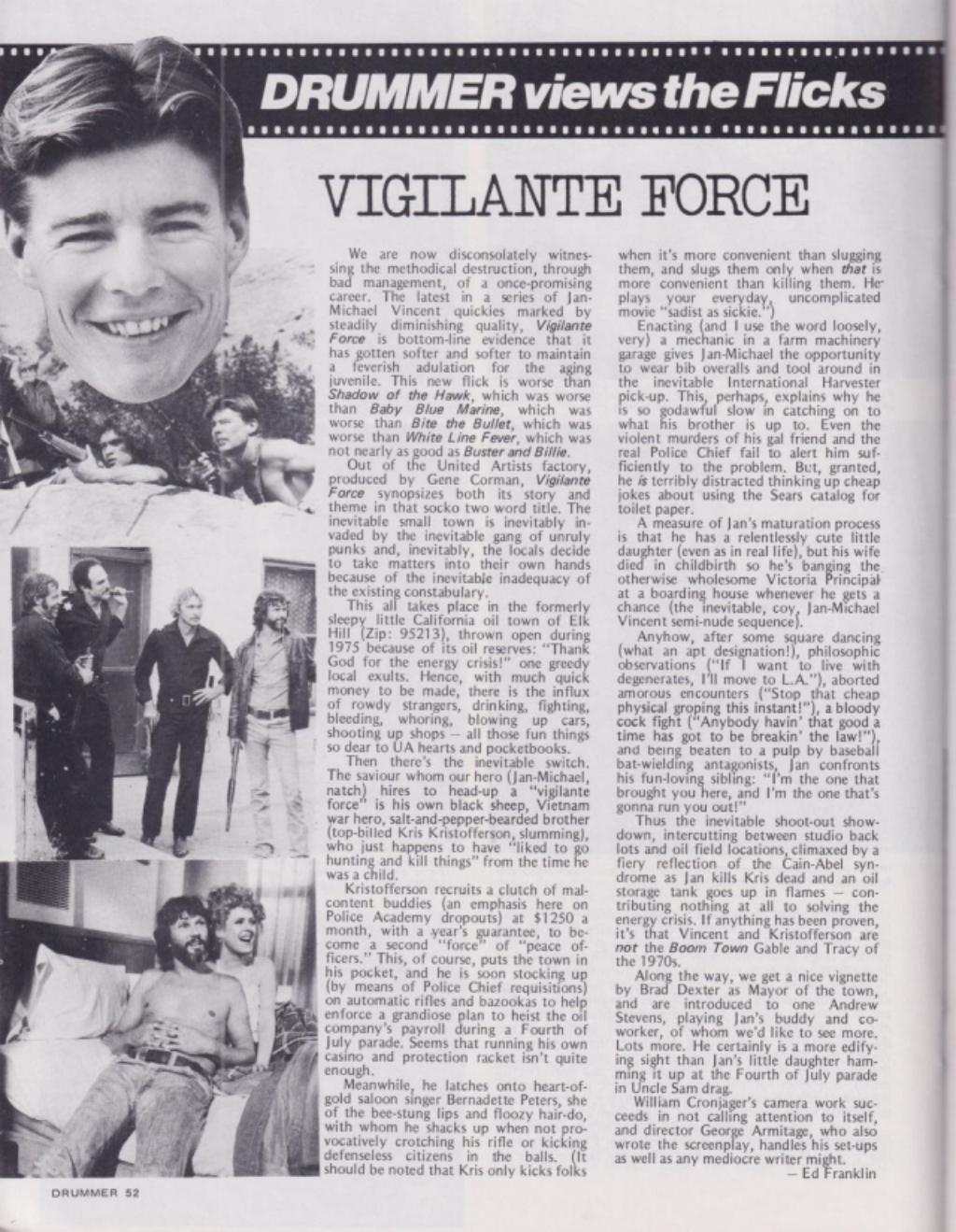
build his credentials as a deserter from His Majesty's navy. (Incidentally, McClure looks more attractive with his shirt off than did Flynn back in the 1952 version of the story.) The flogger in this case aims his blows in such a way that he scars his victim's back with a kind of distinctive "signature" — a torture curiosity which later plays a part in the resolution of the movie's plot.

The crack of a whip on board a ship in full sail has become, alas, a rarity in current film-making. Rising costs and changing tastes have placed sea-going adventures on the list of endangered species, and a recent effort to reverse this trend — *Swashbuckler* — met with little success. (*Swashbuckler* does contain a scene of the bare-chested Beau Bridges being threatened by a man wearing a set of metal, skin-tearing talons, however.) For now and the foreseeable future, therefore, TV's late show remains the surest haven for those who fill with anticipation when they hear the stern-voiced words: "All hands on deck to witness punishment!"

In the next issue: Tortures of the Old West

DRUMMER views the Flicks

VISIONS OF VIGILANTE FORCE



We are now disconsolately witnessing the methodical destruction, through bad management, of a once-promising career. The latest in a series of Jan-Michael Vincent quickies marked by steadily diminishing quality, *Vigilante Force* is bottom-line evidence that it has gotten softer and softer to maintain a feverish adulation for the aging juvenile. This new flick is worse than *Shadow of the Hawk*, which was worse than *Baby Blue Marine*, which was worse than *Bite the Bullet*, which was worse than *White Line Fever*, which was not nearly as good as *Buster and Billie*.

Out of the United Artists factory, produced by Gene Corman, *Vigilante Force* synopsizes both its story and theme in that socko two word title. The inevitable small town is inevitably invaded by the inevitable gang of unruly punks and, inevitably, the locals decide to take matters into their own hands because of the inevitable inadequacy of the existing constabulary.

This all takes place in the formerly sleepy little California oil town of Elk Hill (Zip: 95213), thrown open during 1975 because of its oil reserves: "Thank God for the energy crisis!" one greedy local exults. Hence, with much quick money to be made, there is the influx of rowdy strangers, drinking, fighting, bleeding, whoring, blowing up cars, shooting up shops — all those fun things so dear to UA hearts and pocketbooks.

Then there's the inevitable switch. The saviour whom our hero (Jan-Michael, natch) hires to head-up a "vigilante force" is his own black sheep, Vietnam war hero, salt-and-pepper-bearded brother (top-billed Kris Kristofferson, slumming), who just happens to have "liked to go hunting and kill things" from the time he was a child.

Kristofferson recruits a clutch of malcontent buddies (an emphasis here on Police Academy dropouts) at \$1250 a month, with a year's guarantee, to become a second "force" of "peace officers." This, of course, puts the town in his pocket, and he is soon stocking up (by means of Police Chief requisitions) on automatic rifles and bazookas to help enforce a grandiose plan to heist the oil company's payroll during a Fourth of July parade. Seems that running his own casino and protection racket isn't quite enough.

Meanwhile, he latches onto heart-of-gold saloon singer Bernadette Peters, she of the bee-stung lips and floozy hair-do, with whom he shucks up when not provocatively crotching his rifle or kicking defenseless citizens in the balls. (It should be noted that Kris only kicks folks

when it's more convenient than slugging them, and slugs them only when *that* is more convenient than killing them. He plays your everyday, uncomplicated movie "sadist as sickie.")

Enacting (and I use the word loosely) a mechanic in a farm machinery garage gives Jan-Michael the opportunity to wear bib overalls and tool around in the inevitable International Harvester pick-up. This, perhaps, explains why he is so godawful slow in catching on to what his brother is up to. Even the violent murders of his gal friend and the real Police Chief fail to alert him sufficiently to the problem. But, granted, he is terribly distracted thinking up cheap jokes about using the Sears catalog for toilet paper.

A measure of Jan's maturation process is that he has a relentlessly cute little daughter (even as in real life), but his wife died in childbirth so he's banging the otherwise wholesome Victoria Principal at a boarding house whenever he gets a chance (the inevitable, coy, Jan-Michael Vincent semi-nude sequence).

Anyhow, after some square dancing (what an apt designation!), philosophic observations ("If I want to live with degenerates, I'll move to L.A."), aborted amorous encounters ("Stop that cheap physical groping this instant!"), a bloody cock fight ("Anybody havin' that god-a time has got to be breakin' the law!"), and being beaten to a pulp by baseball bat-wielding antagonists, Jan confronts his fun-loving sibling: "I'm the one that brought you here, and I'm the one that's gonna run you out!"

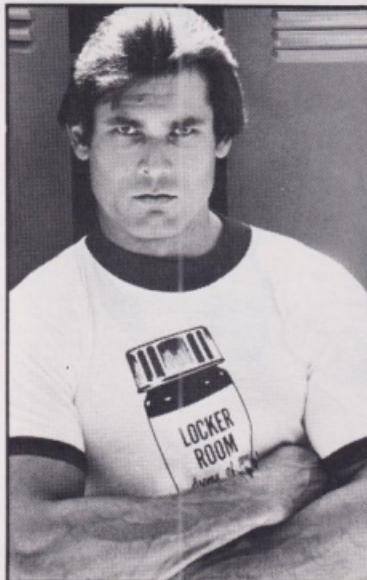
Thus the inevitable shoot-out showdown, intercutting between studio back lots and oil field locations, climaxed by a fiery reflection of the Cain-Abel syndrome as Jan kills Kris dead and an oil storage tank goes up in flames — contributing nothing at all to solving the energy crisis. If anything has been proven, it's that Vincent and Kristofferson are *not* the *Boom Town* Gable and Tracy of the 1970s.

Along the way, we get a nice vignette by Brad Dexter as Mayor of the town, and are introduced to one Andrew Stevens, playing Jan's buddy and co-worker, of whom we'd like to see more. Lots more. He certainly is a more edifying sight than Jan's little daughter hammering it up at the Fourth of July parade in Uncle Sam drag.

William Cronjager's camera work succeeds in not calling attention to itself, and director George Armitage, who also wrote the screenplay, handles his set-ups as well as any mediocre writer might.

— Ed Franklin





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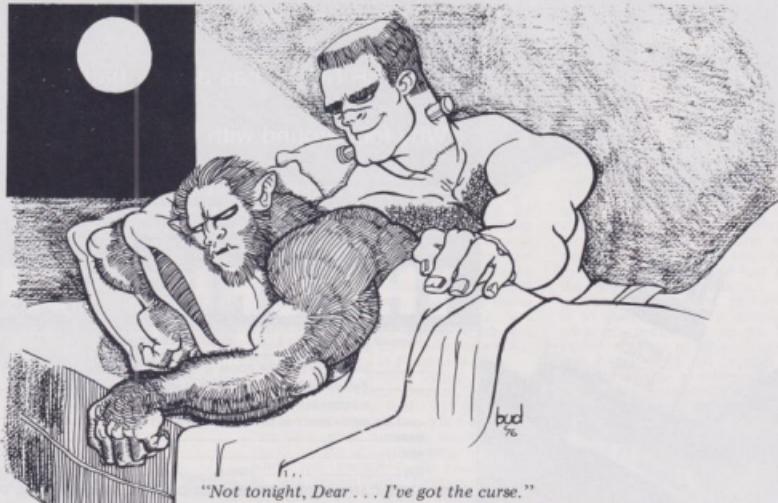
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DRUMBEATS



"Not tonight, Dear . . . I've got the curse."



"What does he do, dressed like that?" "BEATS THE HELL OUTA ME! . . ."

hope and healing. It told him that no matter how far down he fell, how far away from love and family and friends he seemed to slip, how tough things were financially or emotionally, there was always a new day with new people to meet and a new start to be made.

It was shouts and sports and silliness then, and the hint that life didn't have to be complicated. It was, often enough, life itself.

In the night, he felt a subtle shifting of mood. It was leisurely, laid-back, cool and calming. It was the hush of receding bubbles at the water line, and the distant shreds of bright chatter, music and neon laughter carried intermittently across the deserted sand.

It was a different kind of promise, a different kind of excitement. When he was troubled, it offered relief. When he was sick to death of loneliness, it was opportunity for contact, for sharing—however momentary—for release.

Gary Uhles was a mellow sort of person, the kind who got along well with most of the people he met, the kind who walked away from an argument rather than let it grow into a fight.

He had a lot of friends—people recognized him, appreciated him, laughed with him and liked him. But there remained a part of him that was untouched, a part of him that waited for something he himself could probably not identify.

He loved plants, tried his hand at simple poetry, labored over his aquariums, delved deeply into the lore of the American Indian. He collected feathers, primitive drums, Indian artifacts. He loved walking on the beach, and his oceanfront apartment was cluttered with families of odd bottles containing shells and pebbles of every color and shape and size.

He had worked as a grocery clerk, a cashier, a movie house manager, and a gay steamboat attendant. Whatever it was, he enjoyed his work, meeting new people, living at peace with his world.

He came to California from Colorado Springs, leaving behind the pain of hiding from conservative, doting parents the fact that their son was gay. He was one of the earliest members of Metropolitan Community Church in Los Angeles and had friends throughout the community.

He and a roommate put together a club, melded from his twin enthusiasms for motorcycles and Indian pageantry. The Warriors Motorcycle Club was a family for him where he found easy acceptance, respect, fun. For Gary Uhles, there was a singular lack of overstated macho in his involvement.

But there were times when his jobs and his church, his hobbies and his club, his friends and his roommate weren't enough. Then loneliness and hunger and need crumbled the foundations of his security, the way a receding wave pulls the sand from beneath your feet at the tide's edge.

There was a hollow in Gary Uhles that maybe had no bottom, that couldn't be filled no matter how much effort was put into it, no matter how much attention or activity or association crowded his life. It was that hollowness that drew him to the beach, responding

to, echoing the vast emptiness of that infinite watery horizon, the depthness of that sounding night.

For a few moments at a time, a few hours—if he was lucky, perhaps for a full night or a few days—he could find companionship, contact, closeness. Nights on the beach, under the rustle of a clump of palms, in the hollow of rocks on the breakwater, or in the swallowing shadows of Pacific Ocean Pier, he was free to create his own world.

Thursday, March 13, 1975 was one of those nights when the beach called, and Gary Uhles answered. Drifting through the breezy spring darkness, punctured by stars and distant, more civilized lights, Gary found a kindred soul who was also seeking.

Together, they lay down in the shadows of rubble where bulldozers by day were slowly consuming the wreckage of the old amusement park, at the spot where Santa Monica and Venice lay together.

Gary was found still lying there the next day, when hardhats stumbled across him as they checked the progress of demolition. He was alive, but when police delivered him to the emergency room of Santa Monica Lutheran Hospital, doctors could offer little hope.

Gary—gentle, searching Gary—was the victim of a single blow at the back of his head, a blow that had crushed his skull. His companion came forward to tell police how they had been accosted by a trio of teenagers—the kind that slash the concrete walls with slogans like "Surfer Territory," "Queers Stay Out," "Cocksuckers Go Home."

Machines attached to vital systems kept Gary alive for more than a week. To the hospital and the authorities, he was a "John Doe" for three days—his wallet had been stolen, his identification gone, his car and car keys missing.

But to his employer at the Orlando Baths, he was a missing person, a conscientious and popular worker who had lost several days of work mysteriously and couldn't be reached at his home. A missing person report to L.A. police was finally matched to Gary's description, and he became an individual again—though still critical, comatose, clinging to the edge of life.

Distraught parents flew in from Colorado to a bedside haunted by the phantoms of that night: the bruising and swelling, and the mechanical life-support aids.

The physical shock was compounded by learning, perhaps for the first time, of their son's true identity as a well-liked, hard-working, well-adjusted gay person, whose struggle with the pressures of society occasionally made him vulnerable.

Parents and friends kept vigil by his bedside day after day, as if leaving him alone would permit him to slip away. Finally, they did escape temporarily into the necessary task of accounting for Gary's personal effects at his apartment. There a phone call from the hospital reached them.

On Saturday, March 22, Gary Uhles died. He was 28.

At memorial services, Troy Perry—

who had himself left a sickbed to say this last goodbye—read from an Indian prayer book that had held special meaning for Gary.

His parents were grateful to members of the local community who helped them to an understanding of their son's secret, and to the rank and file officers of the Santa Monica Police Department who broke the news to them, but were solicitous and supportive.

Another gay man, attacked on the same beach the same evening by a trio of teenage thugs, gave descriptions of the "queer-bashers," and detectives hoped that recovery of the stolen car might provide a lead to the assailants.

But the car was found, and the hoodlums remained undiscovered.

"Uhles shouldn't have died," a Santa Monica detective offered when asked for an update on the murder file. "The blow that killed him probably would not have been fatal to most people."

How's that? Was there some special circumstance that made Uhles succumb? "He had what the coroner described as an egg-shell skull—particularly thin-boned where the blow was struck," the officer said.

But the vulnerability that set up this death was more one of psyche than physiology. And the blow that crashed through that vulnerability was less physical than it was psychological. "Uhles shouldn't have died."

Officially, the police label it a homicide arising out of a robbery. And the file is still open.

"Uhles shouldn't have died."

But he was killed by the condoned prejudice of a condemning society. And the blows are still falling. And the file is still open.

KILLING THE ORDINARY MAN

He was a nobody.

Another new kid in town. Young and gay and looking for freedom. Looking for a lifestyle that would satisfy, not stifle. Looking in California for what Tennessee couldn't offer.

He was a nobody.

Not a part of the movement, except insofar as the movement occasionally made some progress that might touch his life. His hopes and his struggles and his needs were personal, and had no politics in them.

He had no fancy education, held no influential job. He didn't have powerful friends in high places. His glamor was circumscribed by his youth, his freshness, his desire to make it, his particular form of sexual attractiveness.

A nobody, looking for the good life, looking in the several jobs he held, looking in the discos and on the boulevards, looking among the other young men about town, looking, too, among the older men who sometimes scatter stepping stones.

Not much past except a relatively good family life. Not much future except what he could keep in his grasp when reality blew hot across the daydreams and desires of youth.

Ken Ricker was a nobody.

But in every nobody, there's a somebody waiting to "happen." Ken Ricker became a somebody twice. His somebody

was an accident of time and place, an explosion of violent horror in the quiet aftermath of communication and closeness.

February 2, 1975, was the first accident of time and place. Ricker was lying in bed, sleeping next to a man with whom he'd spent the evening. It was just a coincidence that Ricker spent that particular night in the well-appointed Laurel Canyon home.

It was just a coincidence that Vaughn Greenwood was prowling that same night through the same neighborhood, slipping locks or breaking through windows of homes both occupied and unoccupied, looking for valuables and who knows what else.

It was perhaps not coincidence, though, that when Greenwood saw the two men asleep, a primitive kind of rage boiled out of him. Ricker later testified that he was awakened by what felt like a sting on his arm.

Shocked out of somnolence, he witnessed a huge figure standing over the bed, swinging again and again with a hatchet at the screaming, struggling form of the other man. The time was 5:30 a.m.

William Graham, 36, suffered a multitude of wounds as he fought desperately for his life. He and the assailant crashed through a plate glass window onto an elevated patio, and wrestled to the edge as it plotted for a movie climax. The struggle ended with Graham plunging over the drop onto the neighboring driveway of actor Burt Reynolds, whose house had also been burglarized.

Struck twice by the hatchet and apparently stabbed at least six times, Graham recovered through a long hospital confinement to testify against Greenwood in a trial that brought his conviction and sentencing to 32 years in prison.

But Ricker, the nobody, had also been wounded—stabbed three times by Greenwood's flashing, indiscriminate knife before he was able to escape to a neighboring house and call police.

An accident of time and place, Ken Ricker became a somebody when his assailant was indicted for the "Slasher" murders of eleven men, ritualistic victims of bloody attacks.

Ricker, too, testified at the trial to help convict Greenwood of the burglaries and assaults that had panicked Laurel Canyon. And went back to being a nobody.

Seven months after that first explosion of deadly horror, Ricker again fell into an accident of time and place, Studio City was fighting a war, but the only casualties came out of an incident police say was "totally unrelated."

The upwardly mobile residents of the area which lies just north of the Hollywood Hills, connected to the legendary filmland by the grunting, roaring concrete of the Hollywood Freeway through Cahuenga Pass, didn't want to see their neighborhood go to seed, as they thought Hollywood had.

And the most visible symbol of that seediness, of the undesirables that they hoped to head off at the pass, were the slowly proliferating massage parlors and adult bookstores that began to dot

Ventura Boulevard.

The "Sexual Supermarket" was one of them, and the war by residents included throwing up pickets around the business. If that were all, Ken Ricker might have remained a nobody.

But reports came forward that the opposition to pornography included the making of telephoned threats against whatever personnel happened to answer the business phones at the objectionable locations. The Sexual Supermarket had already lost one employee, spooked by the threats.

But 19-year-old Kevin Daw, who clerked there for the bread to stay alive while aiming at an improvised station—some kind of creative arts job—shredded it off when an anonymous caller told him his life was in danger.

From all indications, risk was no stranger to Daw, and though he remained courteous and respectful of the older persons walking the picket line outside, it seemed he secretly relished the conflict which livened up an otherwise dull job.

Daw also relished contact with an occasional customer. If there was one thing you knew about patrons of an X-rated bookstore, it was the fact that sex was on their minds. Daw was not hesitant to strike up conversations and acquaintances with people he met in the store. Nor was a little dalliance—on the spot or in a later rendezvous—ruled out.

It was a coincidence that Ken Ricker wandered into the Sexual Supermarket the night of August 27.

It was a coincidence that Kevin Daw was behind the counter that night, and really bored.

Surely it was a coincidence that, this night, the protesters had failed to appear, and the hours were long and quiet.

An accident of time and place, and Ricker's world again exploded. Gunshots from an unknown assailant settled the two of them around 9 p.m., shortly before Daw was due to end his eight-hour shift. Police refuse to state a motive, or speculate on the circumstances of the crime, except to indicate that robbery was apparently not involved.

Kenneth Ricker, a somebody for the last time, was dead at 23. Not a leader, or a loner, or an incipient star; his world ended just at the time when it should have been beginning. State medical benefits had just come through, the payoff on his first night of horror, and Ricker had been planning to use the funds to relocate, to build an education, to look for a new job, to make a fresh start.

Just a nobody?

Or another victim of a condition of society, a collective state of mind—a symbol of every gay person as victim, dying slowly every day instead of suddenly in the sweep of a knife, the shock of a club, the flash of gunpowder.

It's impossible to conclude, some say. Police say they are still actively trying to break the case. They have no new clues, they know no new leads. There are no suspects, and the motive is unclear.

But the file is still open. And the blows continue to fall.

Continued from page 11

down to the "taint" (my word, 'cause it 'taint cock and it 'taint ass, it's inbetween) and crisscrossed to make the point, then lifted his heavy balls onto the blade and brought them to my mouth for a hot kiss. His ass lifted into the air while his hard rod roared threateningly toward my waterbed.

I had him roll over, and as he came down on his back the knife followed around to the base of his shaft and rested supported by the sharp metal. Slowly I worked the dagger up the meat, his big blue eyes wide and alert to every move, a wonderful mixture of fascination and fear. I flipped the cock up and pointed the weapon at him suddenly, gave a menacing look, and he responded to the silent command by scooting off the bed and standing in front of me. I put my arms around him and brought the knife up his back and gave him a big, good kiss! He melted. It was the kind of kiss that should be in a movie close-up with a big choir, that kind of kiss. It was perfect.

Afterwards, I put my hand firmly on his chin and held his gaze, and he looked at me with that nice dazed look—and that twinkle I like to see flashing in there, too—and at knife-point, I pushed him to his knees and ordered him to "SUCK IT!" He put his hand to my fly—well, I had a swagger stick in my hand, and I WHACKED him right across the hand. He looked up at me, hurt and puzzled. "I didn't tell you to open it, I just said, 'Suck it!'" Well, he puts his hands behind his back as if he were in bondage and starts sucking me off through my uniform. And it was good, Y'know, when the material gets wet and hot, you can just barely feel the teeth through the cloth. Well, I'm getting close, man. This is exciting to me, and he was groovin', too. I could see he was still holding his hardon without touching it, and I'm getting closer, so I take the knife and put it away. I pull the Luger and he's still sucking through my pants and I come and he takes it through the fabric. Then he leans back on his haunches and looks up at me; I stretch my arm out, shove the pistol square in his face, between his eyes, and shout:

"UND THANK YOU VERRRY MUCH!!!!"

Then I—heh!—pull the trigger. His hands behind him, his cock swells instantly, and he blows a huge wad! He was rigid all over and kept shootin', then slumped to the floor, a big smile covering his face. Finally he said, "I have wanted to be trapped by a Nazi and forced to do that all my life, and you have just made my wildest fantasy come true."

I was delirious in the knowledge that I had done that. He dreamt it, he developed it, and he got it! Hey - hey! I guess you could say that THAT'S my trip.

DRUMMER's fetish series is continuing. We are currently looking into wing tips, chubby-chasers and any other fetishes that are brought to our attention. Any information, interview subjects, further suggestions, etc. can be sent in confidence to DRUMMER, 1508 Cross Roads of the World, Suite 107, Hollywood, California 90028. Thanks, men.)

"Oh, shit . . . I'm gonna come!"

I could feel the thick juice ejaculating into my hot body. He grunted and groaned as he shot his load inside of me, my ass gulping up every ounce.

Immediately I was lifted from the railing of the balcony and laid prostrate upon the wet deck. At first I was chilled, with the misty rain still falling and clouding my eyes. I could clearly smell the leather of his chaps, and the fragrance stirred my insides.

I felt his weight as he straddled my body, the muscles of his ass tensing against my naked chest. He reached back and grabbed a handful of my cock and balls, squeezing as hard as he could. I groaned loudly, the burning of the leather cord still fresh on my mind, my cock still standing upright as a column. The cool mist washed over it . . . but instead of cooling it, the dampness seemed to inflame it even further.

His gorged cock pressed insistently against my mouth and I opened wide, almost automatically, to admit it. I could still feel the ridge-like veins and taste the masculinity that lingered there from my asshole. He grinded down at me as his prick shoved itself against the back of my throat. I gagged for a few moments but then got myself under control by sheer power of will. I heard the low chuckle from deep in his throat. His teeth glinted in the faint light, sending chills racing up and down my naked back. I shivered uncontrollably and sucked harder on the long, thick cock in my mouth. He was making little noises in his throat as I worked. His handsome head was back, and he appeared to be looking up at the black sky. His hands held my head and pulled himself into me, deeper and deeper with each forward stroke.

"Eat me, fucker . . . eat me good!" I grunted around the mouthful of male meat. He leaned back and pulled me to my knees.

I hadn't known that he'd taken the leather strap to the balcony until I felt it slashing across my ass cheeks again. My body tensed; so did his. I could feel it in his muscular frame. He strained and arched his back.

My mouth worked as it had never worked before. The strap smashed against the round cheeks of my ass, and I twisted beneath the pain. He seemed to enjoy it all the more for my protests; my mouth still fixed firmly around his monstrous cock, afraid to let go. But the punishment continued, the strap lashing at my bare body. It slashed across my naked back and down my bare ass. I cringed with each blow, my body flexing with each lash, but it only seemed to turn him on more. It was all I could do to keep from screaming, but somehow I controlled it and the sounds that came out were weak and faint. I felt dizzy for some reason.

"Harder, you little bastard!" He increased his speed as he maneuvered his prick in and out of my face.

"Yes, Sir," I managed to mumble with a mouthful of meat.

I increased my suction and my speed, hoping that it would please him and hurry the climax. It didn't: he pounded with all of his might, his massive, mus-

cular body electrified by the bolts of lightning behind him in the blackened sky. The rain became harder and faster. His laughter echoed boomerang-like across the wet balcony, almost mocking the thunder. He stared down at me as if trying to think of what torture to afflict next. I cringed mentally, my body trembling uncontrollably, my knees weak, beneath him on the wet deck. His eyes burned like live coals from a dying fireplace, and his smile was as piercing as a sliver of ice. My cock and balls still burned from the tortuous tightness of the raw leather cord that held it in such a painful position. I squirmed with the pain welling up from my crotch.

"You're good, little one . . . very good!" I had to search mentally for the proper words.

"Tha . . . thank you . . . Sir . . ."

Suddenly I was again in a position on my back. One leg was raised only slightly and I felt his fingers playing with my asshole. His giant hand felt greasy and pliable. I yelled aloud, more afraid of the fear itself than I was of any actual pain. He chuckled to himself and began plying his fingers up my ass. I could feel the hole stretching to what seemed to be its limit. I squirmed beneath the attack. A slow chuckle escaped from his throat and he grinded down at me, his teeth sparkling in the night light from the blurry street lamps. The rain misted everything including his massive, muscular body. He looked like a god in the faint light and the thought spurred me on to endure even more. As he looked down at me, he laughed out loud; the sound reverberated through the rain, blending with the thunder and rolling heavily across the heavens. I had a sudden chill, but whether from his laughter or the rain, I couldn't be sure. It was probably from the former.

The hand and arm inched its way up into my vulnerable body and I tensed automatically, afraid of what would happen if he went further.

"Relax, little mortal . . . relax . . . I won't hurt you!" I tried, but my body was still tense as hell.

There was more maneuvering with the hand and fingers and soon he was almost in up to the elbow. The rapture and the agony filled me as he filled me.

"Ummmm . . . it's wild, little one . . . wild beyond words!" He groaned loudly in pleasure as his big hand continued to probe the insides of my body. His beautiful, heavily lashed eyes were closed in ecstasy.

After many long minutes of probing, and searching the inside of my naked body, the hand and arm slid slickly from my wide-open asshole. It was a kind of relief, the release pressure from inside of me. I looked up at him and saw him smiling broadly, openly, while he stared at my face and body as if they were only toys for his amusement. I felt slightly uncomfortable beneath his piercing gaze.

He again mounted my chest and slammed his big cock into my mouth. It caught me by surprise and I gagged slightly. If he'd noticed at all, he didn't show it. He began to fuck my face with an intense fury. It seemed as though my breathing would be cut off, but it wasn't. I kept my cool. I tried to relax.

Telling myself, "Relax . . . take it easy . . . play it soft . . ."

"Suck a man's cock, you little nothing! Suck a *big* man's cock!" I redoubled my efforts, and it seemed to please him as he groaned above me. The sound blended into the wet night.

There was a muffled oath from above me and then the enlarging, swelling of his meat as the cum jetted up the monstrous tube and poured into my mouth. It gushed in great spurts, splattering against the back of my tender throat.

"Take it all, you little cocksucker . . . take it all!"

I gulped frantically, trying to keep up with the flow of jism that flooded my mouth, but it was impossible.

The cum oozed from between my lips and his cock despite the tightness of my mouth around his prick; the juice dribbled down the side of my face and onto the floor in sticky puddles. He groaned loudly as he continued to come down my throat. His handsome head was thrown back, and his strange eyes were closed against the rain.

It was a curious mixture, the smells of the leather and the sea together as, at the same time, I tasted the bittersweet masculinity of my attacker. It made my head swim deliciously.

His whole body spasmed, the massive muscles rippling in the half-light of the night, his sweat making them shimmer as he moved. The last few spurts of his cum ran down my throat and I swallowed them obediently, enjoying the taste and feel.

When he was through coming, he stared down at me for a few long moments, the hint of a smile at the corners of his handsome mouth.

"You're good, baby . . . you're good . . ." His eyes pierced mine, making me feel vaguely uneasy. Then he rolled off of me and lay on his back, his arm across his massive chest. His flat, hard belly rose and fell in rapid breathing from his recent exertion. He said absolutely nothing. I could hear his deep breathing and I just lay quietly, waiting and listening as the rain trickled off the eaves of the roof and splattered into the rain gutters.

I awoke very early the next morning, the faint dawn light creeping in through the drapes of the French doors. It dribbled like liquid over the windowsill and fell in silent puddles across the bedroom floor.

I rubbed the heavy sleep from my eyes. With a start, I recalled what seemed to have happened the night before. Could it have been merely a dream? Could it all have been unreal, a figment of my imagination? I wondered as I smoked a cigarette, the smoke curling laxly up toward the ceiling. Once again I could smell leather and sea spray.

Sore, I turned lazily up onto my side and flicked the ashes into the ashtray on the nightstand. Suddenly my eyes froze upon my leather britches lying on the floor beside the bed. Chills instantly covered my body.

There on the crotch of my pants was a large leaf of seaweed, still wet and shiny. I thought for a moment and then smiled to myself.

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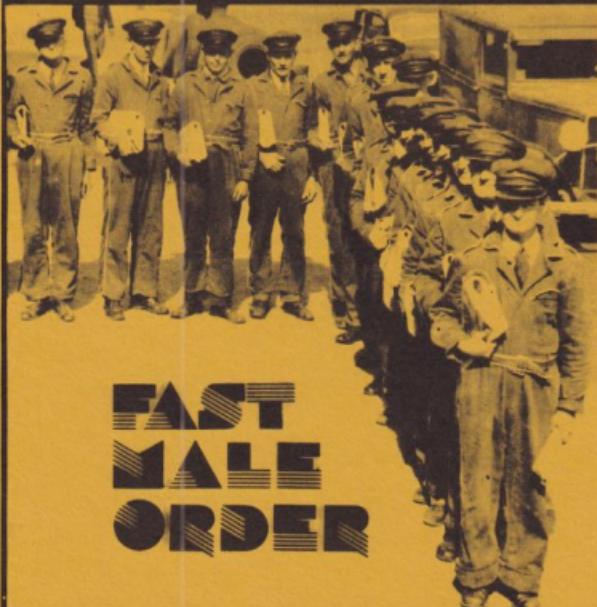
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LEATHER JOURNAL

by Bernie Prock & Toby Bailey



BONDAGE

Bondage is a part of the Leathersex scene and a world all its own. Some men prefer S&M in bondage, while others are strictly into bondage itself. The latter may not turn on to physical or verbal S&M scenes at all. For our present purposes, we'll concentrate on those who like both S&M and physical stimulation.

Bondage is a turn-on at several different levels. The physical sensations, symbolic meanings and emotions engendered all add to the pleasures of restraint in varying degrees and combinations for each Leatherman and scene.

The physical sensations of being restrained are themselves sensual. Stretched and straining muscles release energy that adds sexual intensity for the M. The feelings of helplessness, suspense and anxious anticipation add emotional intensity to the M's erotic state. Specific symbols of bondage and their erotic fantasy implications further produce erotic feelings which catapult the M into sexual ecstasy.

For many Ss, there is no more exciting sexual vision than the sight of a helpless, writhing sex-slave, moaning in mindless abandon as he responds to the prolonged use and abuse of his captor.

"Go ahead and finish your drink. I'll be right back." When I returned a few minutes later the naked young stud was seated on the living room sofa, an empty glass in one hand, his hard cock in the other.

His eyes lit up when he saw the four black leather restraints in my hands. In silence I buckled the leather straps around his ankles and wrists.

"Come over here," I ordered and led him to the hall doorway across the room. Four heavy metal eyehooks were screwed into the top and bottom of the wooden frame of the hall entrance. With locks I secured his spread and upraised arms to the eyeholes in the top of the doorway, then attached his ankles to the lower hooks.

The muscular young M gasped and began to breathe heavily as I twisted his nipples with my fingers and pulled him toward me. Stretched helpless in a standing spread-eagle he moaned with pleasure as I began to work him over.

After awhile I put rubber-tipped metal clamps onto his nipples. He watched in apprehensive anticipation, then gasped involuntarily as I tightened each clamp. His glazed eyes and throbbing cock proclaimed his total erotic submission to my control. To heighten the suspense further and to concentrate his attention on physical sensations, I then blindfolded him.



I tied the tit-clamps together with a small length of rope, to which I tied another piece about six feet long. I pulled on the rope, stretching the young stud's nipples and forcing him to arch forward on his toes.

I tied the other end of the rope to a table leg and looked over my helpless bondage slave. He practically hung from the wrist restraints, straining forward as the tit-clamps stretched his nipples taut. His hard rod jutted out into space.

"Now I'm gonna jack you off, and I'm not gonna let you go until you come, fucker." The young M trembled and moaned as I began to stroke his rock-hard shaft with my greased hand. "He'll go out of his mind trying to come." I vowed, taking my own sweet time teasing him to the brink, until I finally allowed him to explode in orgasm.

CAUTION WITH RESTRAINT

The first maxim for any M who's a bondage enthusiast is this: don't let anyone that you don't trust tie you up. Beyond that, many bad bondage scenes result from the neglect of the S or M to find out their partner's other kinky preferences. Some scenes are unsatisfactory because of the S's incompetence and ignorance about bondage techniques.

From rack to ropes, from stocks to slings, each bondage technique has certain physical limitations. Handcuffs or shackles, if used incorrectly, can not only damage skin and muscle but can

even cause bone bruises. Extended positions can cause damage if continued too long or inadequately supported by the bondage apparatus at an anatomically weak area. Restricted circulation is an important concern in most bondage scenes, and the S must be systematically aware of the duration and severity of restrictive binding, especially around the wrists, ankles or neck.

Bondage is not a child's game. Each kind of bondage scene has its own psychological and physical advantages and its dangers. From the simple use of a piece of rope to the complex and sophisticated practice of elaborate binding, bondage, used wisely, can be a passport to erotic bliss for both S and M.

I released the locks and removed the restraints and tit-clamps. My new-found fuck-buddy and I relaxed and smoked a couple of numbers while we got our second wind. As we sat on the living room couch, our naked bodies touching, we both began to get aroused again. I leaned against the warmth of his muscular chest and shoulder, and he reached over and began playing with my nipples. Soon my cock was fully erect and throbbing.

"Let's go to the bedroom," he suggested as his fingers slipped under my balls and searched out and found the opening to my asshole. He led me to the bedroom and ordered me to lie on my stomach.

He placed the restraints that I had just used on him on my wrists and ankles. Using four ropes he found in my toybox,

he then tied me spread-eagled to the bed. As he tightened the last rope, the feeling of being stretched to my limits so excited me that I thought I would shoot all over myself.

He pulled my cock back between my legs, then reached under my chest and attached clothespins to each nipple. Sitting at the head of the bed, he lifted my head and slipped his throbbing cock deep down my throat, holding my head down. I felt that I was going to choke, but I wanted to take this stud any way he wanted to give it.

After what seemed an eternity, he pulled his huge shaft out of my mouth and began teasing my hot ass with the tip of his hard tool. He greased up my ass, and then, as he pushed his hips forward, I felt the head of his huge cock piercing my ass.

He moved slowly at first, then harder and faster. As he slammed in and out of me, my only thought was total submission to the will of this hot stud.

"Take it fucker," was all he said as he plunged deeper and deeper into me. Suddenly I couldn't hold on anymore. As I shot my own wad, I could feel his hot cum splashing on the inner walls of my ass.

My head was spinning, and I didn't know where I was for a few minutes. As he lay on top of me we collapsed together and fell into a deep sleep, his rod still inside of me.

That was the beginning of a long-term love affair for the two of us... but neither one of us minds being tied down.

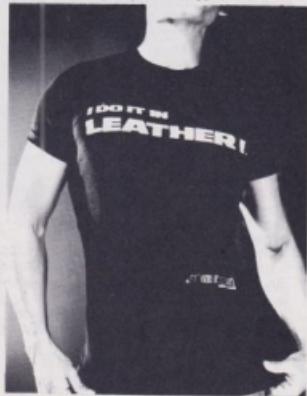
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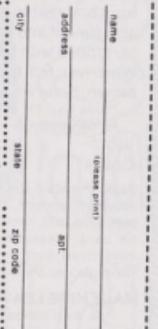
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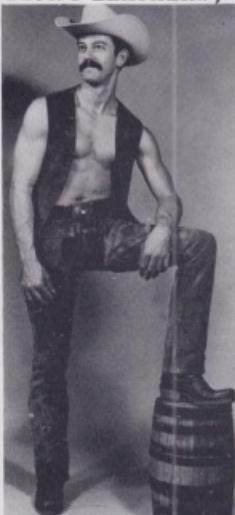
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ASTROLOGIC

Capricorn S: (Dec. 22-Jan. 20): Use your drive and determination to make new friends over the holidays. Crisco up that turkey's hole for some good old-fashioned stuffing.

Capricorn M: Get a can of Crisco, a box of stove top stuffing mix and learn to gobble.

Aquarius S: (Jan. 21-Feb. 19): During the upcoming season, make a New Year's resolution to be even meaner in 1977. A tyrannical Master is a loving Master.

Aquarius M: Your New Year's resolution should be to become a more versatile bottom. Practice makes painfully perfect.

Pisces S: (Feb. 20-Mar. 20): Things should begin looking up during the next month. In honor of it, start looking up and locking up a few new slaves like nuts for the winter.

Pisces M: This new year, start getting into the adoration of your Master. That's why the Magi were called "Wise Men."

Aries S: (Mar. 21-Apr. 19): Add a little festive touch to your otherwise dreary dungeon. Cover ye olde rack with a layer of dried holly and stretch your slave out on its sharp, pointed leaves. Voila -- your very own writhing wreath.

Aries M: Give your Master a nice potted plant for the holidays; try ilex opaca, the leaves of which are especially long-thorned.

Taurus S: (Apr. 20-May 20): After the holidays, save up all those old Christmas candles for later use. Hot wax is always a handy tool to have around the house.

Taurus M: Consider the deep religious significance of the holiday season. Practice martyrdom for new thrills.

Gemini S: (May 21-June 21): Take inventory this new year. If your harem has grown too large, thin it out by giving some to friends as holiday gifts . . . definitely do not hold a slave auction.

Gemini M: Wrap yourself in a bright red ribbon and put yourself under some Master's tree as a gift that keeps on giving.

Cancer S: (June 22-July 21): Big things are coming. You'll find his name and number by accident in a public toilet. It's to your advantage -- don't screw around with the stars!

Cancer M: Start writing your number on restroom walls . . . you never know when some crazy S may take my advice.

Leo S: (July 22-Aug. 21): Give your slave/lover something new, exotic and faddy for the holidays. Swine flu is especially "in."

Leo M: Although the Lion is your symbol, a good M should learn to keep his roar down the same way he does his leather chaps. Use your mouth for better pursuits in '77.

Virgo S: (Aug. 22-Sep. 22): When midnight arrives at your favorite leather bar on New Year's Eve, be cruel -- agree that olde acquaintances should be forgot and never brought to mind . . . like old tricks.

Virgo M: Attend a holiday bash where piss punch is served.

Libra S: (Sep. 23-Oct. 22): Show how much balls you really have: Send an obscene Christmas card to Ed Davis.

Libra M: A hot, new, mean Master is in your immediate future. However, getting rid of the old one is going to be a deliciously nasty ongoing experience.

Scorpio S: (Oct. 23-Nov. 21): Surprise your M with a sex-change for the holidays, complete with black French-knit stockings, pointed patent leather pumps and a bull whip. See just how much humiliation he will tolerate.

Scorpio M: Winter can be a lean period with little meat. Tighten up those warm buns and learn to make little things go a long way.

Sagittarius S: (Nov. 22-Dec. 21): What do you give the M who had everything? Try penicillin.

Sagittarius M: Be careful of what goes into your body at all those holiday parties. Anything bigger than a turkey leg is degenerate. Stay out of Wassail toilet bowls.

CAPRICORN

DECEMBER 22 to JANUARY 19



Let's hear
it for the old

DRUMMER 65

BOOK REPORT

ENTRAPPED, An Accused Homosexual Looks at American Justice by Edward Eugene Baskett. Lawrence Hill & Co., 24 Burr Farms Road, Westport, Connecticut 06880, hardbound, 151 pages and seeming much, much longer, \$6.50.

On March 27, 1971 Edward Baskett, a young gay businessman, had spent the evening bar-hopping in Long Beach. Shortly before closing time he had a few words with a quiet man, then both left the bar. Outside, Baskett offered the stranger a ride, touching the man's potentially approvingly. A moment later he was under arrest, and the vice officer (what else?) was treating him in an extremely threatening manner. He experienced only numbness until sometime the next morning, after he'd been through the mill and allowed to leave the Long Beach jail on his own recognition. Then came blinding rage and a determination not to take the matter lying down but to fight his case clear to the top, no matter what the cost.

Some cooler judgment might have been worthwhile. For all his fury (and thousands have known it) he was not in fact entrapped, and he didn't have much of a case. That wasn't his fault: it is inherent in the banality of these busts, inherent in the fact that the victim rarely has any witnesses, inherent in the fact that juries can seldom believe that the officer would have any reason to lie, inherent in the fact that the officer hardly has to flat-out lie — he just embroiders

the truth a little. But Baskett resolved to play Sisyphus; he rolled a meaningless but heavy rock up an endless hill.

The book is a lucid and moving account (an introduction by an unidentified James A. Warren indicates he might have authored or at least edited the text), and Baskett's agony was very real. Unfortunately he still seems to think he was the first and only person to fight such a case. Consequently, what comes across a bit in the book, and much more when he appears on radio or TV, is a misdirected rage against the gay movement for not having dropped everything to support him. After all, he advertised in the old *Advocate* for support.

The terrible fact is that, however searching each such case is for the victim, such cases are a dime a dozen for the movement, eight or ten phone calls in any single night. It isn't that we don't care. We do what we can, but all our energies could quixotically go down the drain in fighting such cases with nothing gained.

When the jury found Baskett guilty (as was fairly predictable), and the judge in effect reversed the verdict and released him, his anger was still understandable. But his costly appeals were virtually an exercise in futility. They had no legal status. Anyone can mail a brief to the Supreme Court. As I see it, and I am not an attorney, he had no case. Which is not to say that he wasn't the victim of a considerable injustice, that he hadn't suffered, that he had no grounds for complaint against the flagrant so-called Judicial System.

One must admire his courage and tenacity, while still feeling he should have cut his losses and applied all that energy to fighting where fighting might have a chance of accomplishing something. So many have felt this impotent rage at an arrest without meaning, without real cause — the feeling of injustice — the utter fury at the hypocrisy of the system. His book expresses all of this forcefully and tells quite movingly a little bit (not enough, I felt) about his background. But have been wounded, he seems to have learned nothing, to have made no commitment to the community beyond this self-sacrificing and sometimes sententious pose of tilting at windmills.

— Jim Kepner

the works of 57 gay male poets, mostly American and mostly born since the Depression, ranging in slant from leatherman to androgynous. The majority of the poems here were written in the last, or "liberated," decade.

The overall quality of the verse is high and there is good representation of the many-faceted homoSEXual experience, though the aspects of gayness that are not specifically sexual are less evident. Stylistically, most of the verse is hard-edged, a far cry from the sweet purple prettiness often thought of as typical of gay verse, but also a far cry from camp, from fairy essence, from gay vision. Rather, the prevailing mood is terse and brittle, that of wounded gays who have worked hard to make their souls as macho as any heteromale around.

The collection includes some old favorites of mine: Paul Mariah's rendering of prison death poem, "Quarry Rock"; Kirby Congdon's leatherish masturbatory fantasy, "Jagannath"; and Allen Ginsberg's crashingly masochistic, "Please Master," which I first heard read to a crowd of 3000 students at Sacramento State College in 1970, a long and very explicit begging to be sexually subdued and mouthfucked.

William Barber's vaguely ironic "Hustler Joe" is quite a strong image, as is his "The Gay Poet."

"I will go on, unknown lovers in my future, I will be there, waiting with my mouth in my hand to show you the ways into my body/ being . . ."

Several of these poets are well-known outside specifically gay circles. Others have appeared from time to time in obscure little magazines or in the gay press. Memorable are Perry Brass' "In Loving You" ("and I have loved all men loving you, holding your face in my hands, I see all men . . .") and "I Think the New Teacher's Queer . . ." and Bruce Boone's elegiac "He's the Lover/Of My Soul . . ."

Salvatore Farinella, whose booklet *The Orange Telephone* (Good Gay Poets Press, Post Office Box 331, Boston, Massachusetts 02215, \$2.50) shares covers with Charles Shively's *Nuestra Señora de Los Dolores*, is at his best here in "Winter Kill":

"How odd, this stranger walks
beside me talking
carelessly about bitter
cold. We will enter dark
places where even rats have left
and make quick love
Over — he will run
away as though he
sucked on a leper's body."

The macho exuberance of Edward Field's "The Moving Man" is exceptional, catching an irony also found in Paul Goodman's "Plane to Pittsburgh," Robert Peters' "Ode to Johnny Rio," so concise and forceful, and other selections. Stan Persky's longwinded "Slaves" is an anti-S&M tract which says some interesting things too prosaically; Aaron Shurin's "Exorcism of the Straight/Man/Demon" is another sermon/cry of pain, in the same vicinity, but with great poetic force:

"You stuff me with your need
and say it is my need

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ANGELS OF THE LYRE, A Gay Poetry Anthology edited by Winston Leyland. Panjandrum Press/Gay Sunshine Press, P.O. Box 40397, San Francisco, California 94140, paperback, 248 pages, \$4.95.

A sturdy and very handsome paperback, this well-packed collection features

and stick your hardness in my face
and say it is my softness
It IS my softness.

Go away

I have no more openings for
hardness . . ."

A frequent complaint about poetry booklets is that you get only a few score words scattered loosely across several pages for an exorbitant price. That complaint can't be made here. You get your money's worth.

WHERE WILL I BE TOMORROW?
by Walter Rinder, *Celestial Arts*, 231
Adrian Road, Millbrae, California 94030,
143 pages, \$4.95.

This ninth booklet of Rinder's romantic photos and huskily breathed versifications is likely to sell as well as its perennially popular but more closeted predecessors.

I fell in love with the pensive male-photo on the cover. No wonder. Rinder's lyric photos of youngmen in softened settings have graced many of the gay press' best ad layouts.

His broad appeal to romantic youth derives from his clear "gay window;" the way he sees the world in a special light, sees through the foibles and posturings of heteromale while holding onto his own unique vision — not half-male, half-female, but something entirely "other." His vision inspires young lovers, gay or otherwise, to shed outmoded roles and to enrich their loving and living.

Rinder says all this best with his photography: lacy paths he has walked along, dripping with Spanish moss; windows invitingly open in old Southern mansions; spume from crashing waves rising on nude flanks. Most beautiful of all, the youngmen he has passed and sometimes loved: a soft, neonine blond-face, most intense, circled with wisps of yarn, spiderweb or smoke, seeming almost to be extensions of his own silken hair . . .

Buy the book for the moonglow mood of the photos, and if you like the verse and prose impressions as well, good. The sentiments are well-meaning, sweet and observant; but those who demand a more skillful, rigorous use of the language, a feel for its forms, will spurn the often sophomoric, saccharine verse, strewn with plastic pearls of wisdom. The mawkishly inept doggerel elegy to a dead cyclist (page 34) is inexcusable. A fifth-grade English teacher could spend a term on its faults.



TWO BULLS IN A HAREM by Robert Fraum, 525 N. Laurel, Los Angeles, CA 90048; 1976, paperback, illustrated by Sean and Butler, \$7.95

It's seldom that gay porn goes to any unusual lengths to entertain us *vis-a-vis* locale, situation, device or whatever.

Usually a high school locker room, a park john, a stereotypical bar or the like plays stage for the sundry sex to follow. And it's the genre of sexually explicit writing we're discussing, not the homosexual-themed novel.

Once in a while, but less than often, something unusual comes along, filling the bill of sexy, fast-moving and interesting. Even less often than that, we learn something in the process.

We learn a lot from *Two Bulls in a Harem*. We learn of drug traffic at the turn of the century, political gamesmanship as our grandparents played it, the *modus operandi* of soldiers of fortune . . . and that merely grazes the surface.

And, because porn should deal freely with fantasy, we are introduced to various Egyptian gods who decide the many twists and turns the plot ultimately takes.

Most of all, there are some really great sex scenes. There's bondage and disciplining of the household slaves, rape, water sports (or their ancestral equivalent), pedophilia, murder, dildoes made of unusual materials, cock-shaped fountains that simulate orgasm . . . altogether a moveable feast of sexual license.

In the middle of this tale of yesterday figure the two heroes, Richard and Peter, who would literally "fuck anything that moved." They've gone to the Middle East on a very important assignment: to protect a powerful American magnate's son from defloweration by the randy and equally powerful Sheik Alharazed.

The wanton Sheik delights in kidnapping and turning into a sex toy any young male who accidentally crosses his world-wandering path. In this instance, an important drug deal hinges on the safety of the American tycoon's offspring.

The assignment calls for our two heroes to enlist themselves as guards in the Sheik's desert fortress. The fact that they're to be guarding hundreds of very sexy, erotic, well-trained-in-the-arts-of-

seduction lads only makes for a spicier plot and provides for some of the most original sexual encounters since *Tom Jones*.

It isn't bad enough that when the fake guards first see the kidnapped heir they decide defloweration is exactly what he needs, but the Sheik is already wise to who, they actually are and why they're there.



Suddenly, the tables are turned, then turned again and then again. As a matter of fact, this plot has so many unexpected twists and new situations that you'll never, at any given moment, be able to second-guess this crafty author.

Definitely a multiple-erection book, enhanced by the vivid and powerful drawings of Sean and the lyric, lush images of Butler.

Ah! Valentino . . .

— Christopher Nobel

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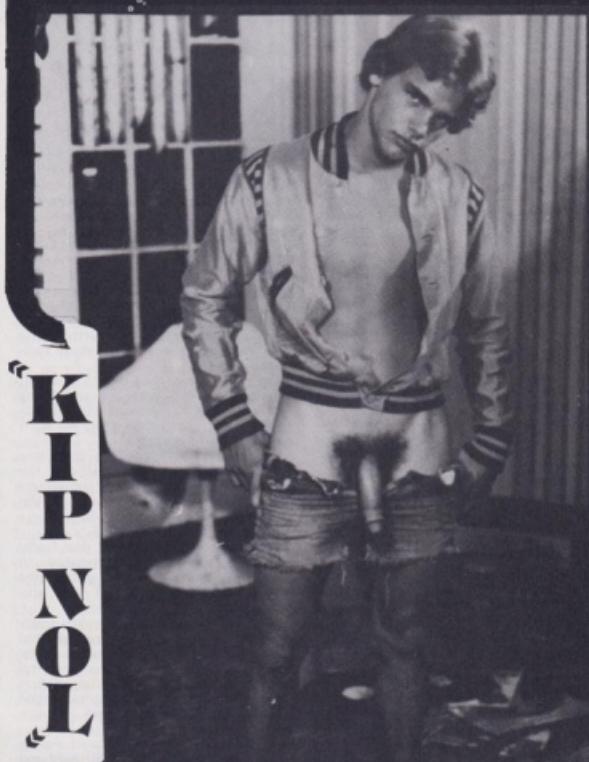
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Texas dudes are unbelievable hunks of
men that spread wide their arms, cheeks
and flies with great affection. The dates
will be announced later on.

Heading East you may run into the
KNIGHTS d'ORLEANS in New Orleans
during Mardi Gras. The CELTICS M.C.
and MINI-BIKERS are also often found
there or further on into Alabama and
Mississippi. (Just for your information,
two prerequisites of the MB is under
5 feet and less than 5 inches. Small can
be mighty!)

And the clubs in sunny Florida offer
a hospitality for 10 days in February
where you can do it in the sand and
coral. THEBANSUN '77 and HAVE A
BALL '77 are back-to-back runs that, last
year, proved to be two of the best. The

THEBANS and the B.A.L.L. members
have already moved their asses for next
year's runs. And there is no chance to dry
out between them as the BROTHER-
HOOD OF MAN, the COLTS and the
CONQUISTADORS have scheduled one
day revelry in their respective towns.

Throughout the South, you will find
what you want. If you want to know
more about the club scene in Dixie, write
to DRUMMER, 1508 Cross Roads of the
World, Suite No. 107, Los Angeles, California
90028; we'll see that you get in
touch with one near you.

Recently Alex Reina of the COLTS,
Butch Crain of the THEBANS and Jim
Crane of the SUNRAYS were guests on
a new TV series called "BLUEBOY
FORUM," hosted by Dan Embinder of
BLUEBOY. The series takes a different
facet of gay life each week and inter-
views people from that particular area.
These men told of the L/L scene and the
brotherhood it stands for. The series
hopes to be syndicated soon and shown
across the nation. We all know that a
misinformed public, both non-gay and
gay, have long needed educating.

Did you ever stop to think that if
ALL of the gays came out of their
closets, we could bring the nation to its
knees??



Photo by Rob Clayton
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The Leathermaker

THE LEATHER BAR SCENE

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— Photos by Target Studios

The EAGLE'S NEST

Okay stud, what gets you off? B&D? S&M? FFA? J/O? Or any of the rest of the alphabet soup of sexual pleasures?

Whatever it is, you'll be able to find someone to satisfy that raging hardon and hungry asshole of yours at the Eagle's Nest in New York City.

Now this is a real leatherman's bar, fucker, and don't you forget it! The dress code has been reinstated after an absence of several years, and it was brought back by popular demand I might add. So if your taste runs toward Gucci loafers and silk shirts open to the navel, with the ubiquitous gold choker, just keep walking when you get to 21st Street and 11th Avenue along New York's dockstrip.

When you hit the front door of the Eagle (only out-of-towners and slow learners call it by its full name), if you're not wearing your leather or Levi's, there's a good chance you will be asked to look for Love somewhere else.

But once you're past the door, you'll find you've walked into a legend. And the Eagle is legend for good reason. On any given Friday or Saturday night you'll find the hunkiest, butchest, horniest, most handsome guys in the world. And they're at the Eagle for one reason — a good fuck, a hot suck, or whatever else

the wonderful telltale system of keys and handies announces they're into.

Don't have any reservations about giving away your particular turn-on at the Eagle, as the chances are good that several studs get their rocks off the same way you do. Swing those keys right or left (or in the middle if you dare!); stuff that left or right back pocket (choose one) with your favorite hanky. Tighten that cock ring and pack that basket — 'cause you're in some heavy company.

And try not to gawk, although it's awfully hard not to. New York is the home of some of the greatest looking guys in the world, and it's not unusual to see a hunkie number from one of your favorite jack-off movies or picture books. There're bound to be several who will just plain knock your socks off and make that big dick of yours perk right up.

New Yorkers have a reputation for being cold and inhospitable. That's a totally bogus reputation; if you see something you like, cruise right up and give it a whirl. Shit! It may not work out, but be assured you won't be humiliated or ignored.

Only six years old, the Eagle goes to great efforts to keep its leather bar image and provide an environment that keeps hunkie dudes coming back for more. The dress code is just one example, plus you'll find reasonable bar prices, a juke box that gives five plays for a quarter, and pencils and trick cards spotted around the bar.

Physically the bar is divided into halves: one side is fairly dark and wide

open (better for groping); the other side is brighter and a bit more firmly packed (better for cruising). There's an opening at each end of the center partition, making it possible to walk in a complete circle and get a bearing on everyone there without backtracking.

On Friday and Saturday nights the Eagle is just plain fucking crowded. It's not the heavy bike crowd (owning a bike — or a car for that matter — in New York is expensive and pretty goddamned dangerous as Con Edison leaves craters big enough to swallow a Peterbilt, let alone a Kawasaki), but that doesn't make it any less masculine. It's so fucking butch inside you can *feel* the sex in the air when you walk in.

Sunday is special. Brunch is served in the late morning and early afternoon for you and your slave/master/trick/lover (or any combination thereof). Then at 6 p.m. the door's thrown open for a five-hour disco marathon, the proceeds from which go to the Gay Task Force. To be totally honest, the cha-cha crowd isn't the typical Eagle crowd, and that's why the disco is ended before the late-night leather starts filtering in. There is, in New York, a leatherman's disco named Frankenstein, but that's for a future article.

On weeknights there are special features (Monday is fetish night, for instance), and the crowd is just as dynamic as on weekends but a bit thinner.

Is the Eagle one of the all-time great leather bars? You bet your ass it is!

— Paul Edwards

THE LEATHER BAR SCENE

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To the best of DRUMMER'S knowledge, all of these bars are still alive and living in Leather. If you can keep us informed of openings and/or closings of Leather Bars in your areas, or let us know what we have missed - it will keep us all informed of where the Leather action is.

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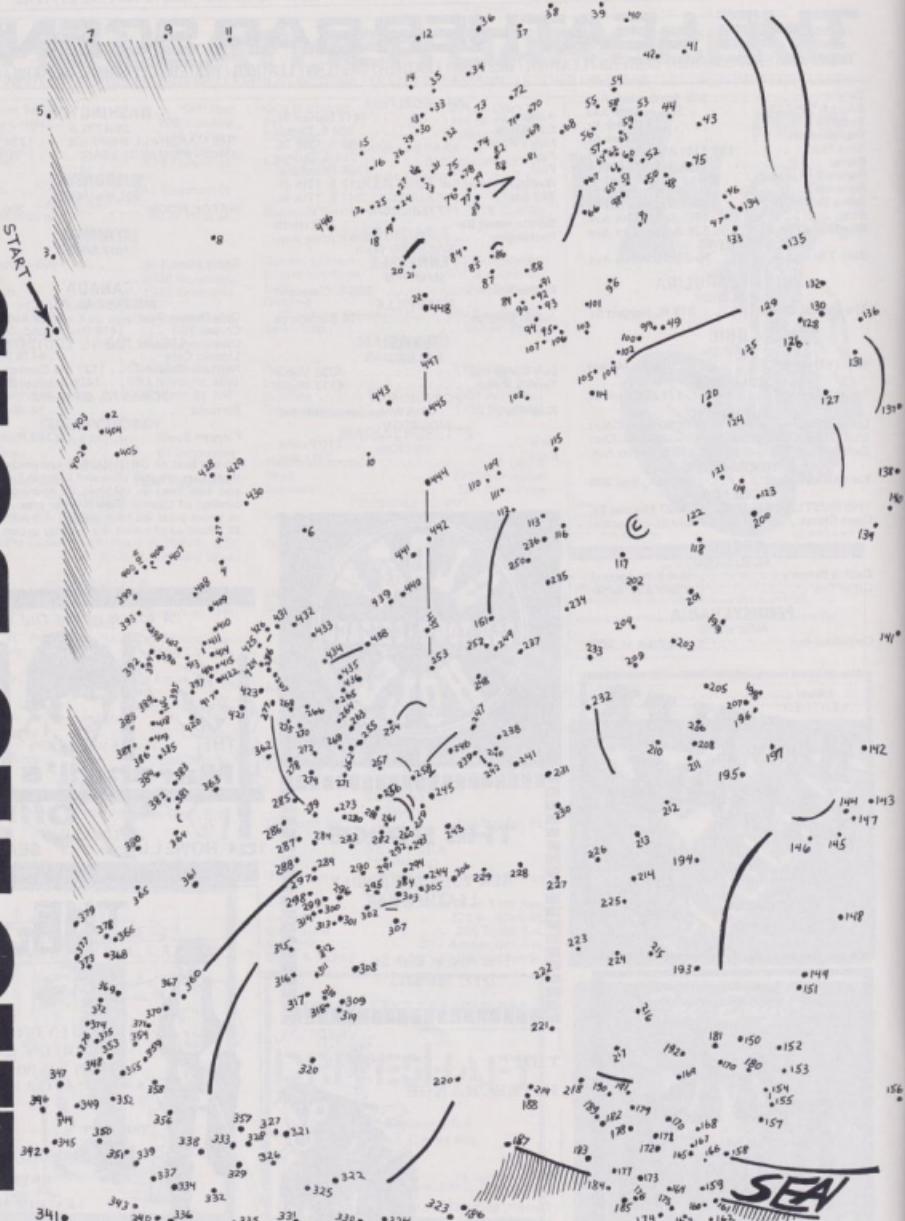


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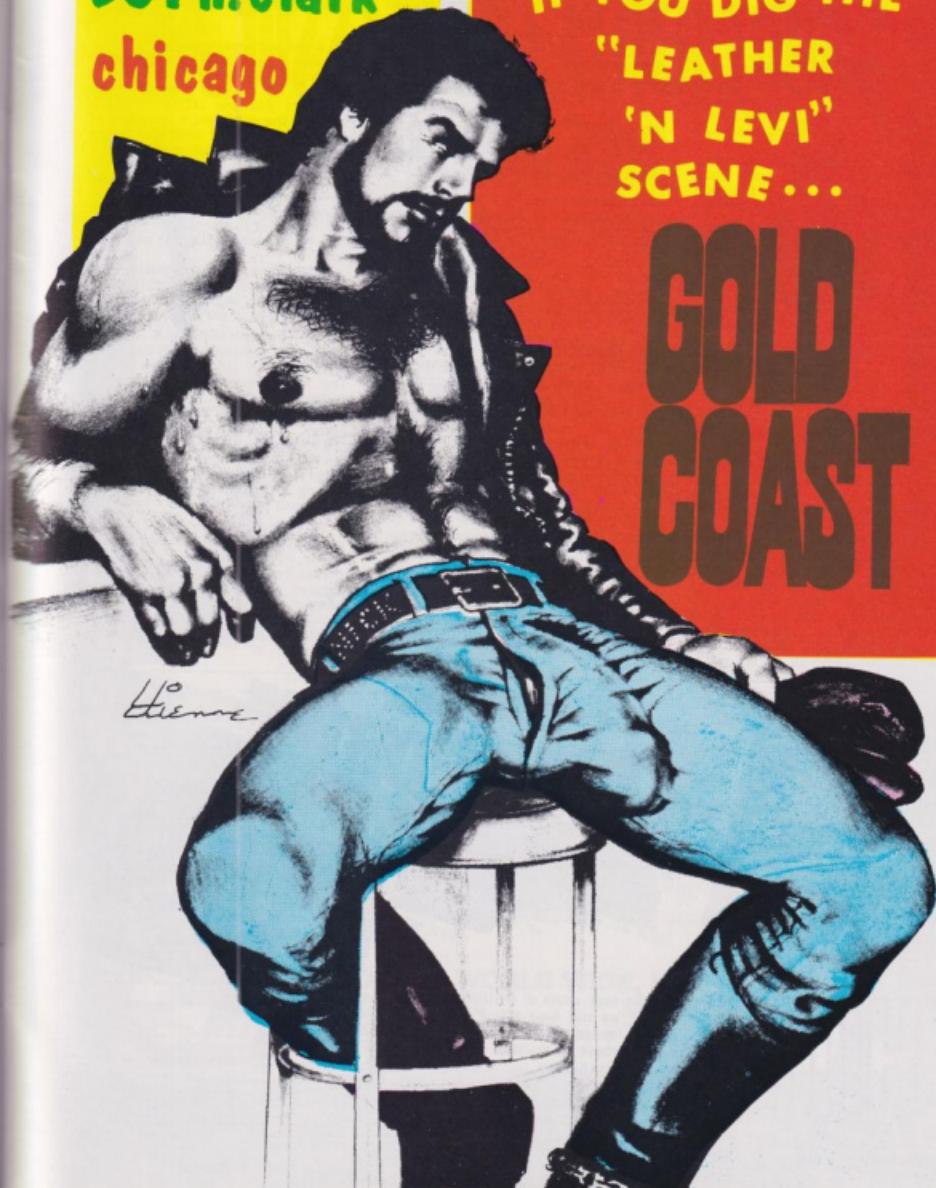
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H. Thorne



IN PASSING

After two full weeks of tedium in Division 37 of the Criminal Courts Building, we have the results of the Mark IV preliminary hearing; it is just as we expected. Judge Richard M. Moore, at the conclusion of one of the weakest presentations of evidence on record, announced that he was binding over the four defendants for trial on the alleged charge of "pandering."

Included with the publisher and editor of DRUMMER are Val Martin and Doug Holliday, who contributed to the celebrated Slave Auction Charity Benefit last April 10.

In the middle of the first week of the hearing, as Deputy District Attorney Jorgenson trotted out leather props, tape recordings and confiscated photographs, an empty file folder, a Texaco gasoline receipt, a telephone bill and unrelated social correspondence, Judge Moore told the prosecution that he had yet to hear anything pertaining to the charge. The local print and broadcast media abundantly reported the lack of evidence and the lack of a "crime." Such remarks by the upright Jorgenson as "Officer Bare, did the defendant say anything else you can't recall?" broke up the courtroom. The Deputy D.A. distinguished neither himself nor his office. But what can you expect from someone who began the whole thing seven months earlier by announcing the home addresses of the defendants to the press?

The choreographer of the caper, Administrative Vice Investigator Lloyd Martin, established his credentials as an authority on S&M thusly: "I've seen 25 (commercial) films five or six times each, read numerous magazines (including DRUMMER), and talked to five police informants (whom he refused to

name) — that's all I've done for the past year-and-a-half."

Captain Jack Wilson, head Viceman with the L.A.P.D., stated that he was the public information officer that night but had no idea how a television cameraman or an Associated Press reporter happened to be there. "They were just passing by (at midnight)," he said. Attracted by the L.A.P.D. kill lights, no doubt.

The decidedly pro-police Judge Moore saw nothing wrong with the police confiscating film (without a search warrant) from the photographers who were present as representatives of gay and underground publications but excepting the AP photographer's film from seizure. He described as "excellent police work" the use of 105 policemen, helicopters, the California Highway patrol and a fleet of L.A.P.D. vehicles, including busses. There was no censuring of the L.A.P.D. for holding press conferences on the case, even prior to giving police reports to the D.A. and defense attorneys. He did, however, quash five search warrants for the defendants' homes, autos and office. He stated that he did not know how any magistrate could have signed them.

And while the Judge said that the leather lifestyle and S&M had nothing to do with the charge, the paraphernalia impressed him to the point that he commented that the case "would certainly be an education," and, on the first day, "This would be a good time to take a vacation!" The fact that the whole production had been based on a completely erroneous charge of "Involuntary servitude," and that 90% of the arrests were thrown out by both the D.A. and the City Attorney, had no effect on the court. Nor was the firm evidence that the L.A.P.D. was going to make arrests

on a grand scale, no matter what.

Judge Moore was certainly an improvement over Judge E.A. Davenport, in whose lap the case originally landed. Davenport had one attitude when the media or the public were present and an entirely different one when they weren't. His first day was distinguished by the statement that he couldn't issue a bench warrant for Police Chief Davis, despite Davis' having ignored his subpoena as a witness, because he was "having lunch with the Chief this week, and it would be hard to explain issuing a warrant for him."

Judge Moore resisted making Davis' subpoenas good, too, even though he threatened the absent prosecution witnesses with bench warrants.

Chief Edward M. Davis is at war with the Gay Community. He is basing many of his political aspirations on the battle. The Mark Four happens to be in the middle. This is not, however, the only battleground. Large numbers of L.A.P.D. troops, uniformed and plainclothes, are hitting gay bars like shock troops. The resulting arrests don't amount to much either, but Davis will continue the battle as long as the unlimited money and manpower and his term of office hold out.

It is indicative of the Los Angeles system of justice that the Mark Four are to be further prosecuted. That two of the defense attorneys had to be substituted because of a D.A.'s witness who never materialized is also indicative. Even more of an indictment is that this case has been pursued as far as it has.



HOT!

Several of the back issues of DRUMMER have been reprinted and we still have a few of the others in stock. All are limited and when these are gone, that's it. The copies above are available right now for \$3 a-piece, which covers postage, too. Meanwhile, DRUMMER gets bigger and better, and is now monthly. Get onboard so you won't miss future issues. Only \$20 a year. Sent to you promptly in unlabeled envelopes.

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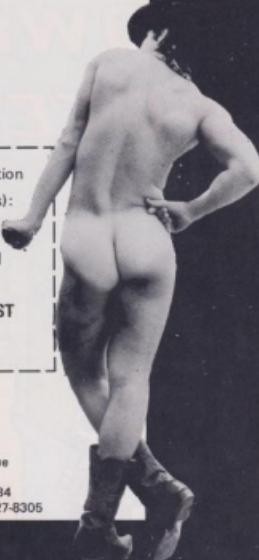


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